



messing about in **BOATS**

Volume 28 – Number 11

March 2011

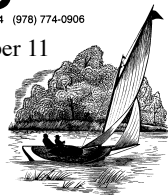
Special Features This Issue
Sea of Dreams – Arctic Views from my Klepper Cockpit
The Isle of Anglesey – The West Wight Potter
Boat Building with Burnham – *Gasno Gao*



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Commentary...

Bob Hicks, Editor



On the "You write to us about..." pages in this issue is an announcement of a coming attraction phrased thusly: "The Mid-Atlantic Messabout is a Big Go!" I kinda liked the enthusiasm, coming as it did in the midst of this winter of uncommon amounts of snow and extreme cold hereabouts (elsewhere, too, I realize). It goes on to state:

"It will be an informal gathering for people who want to 'mess about' in boats, sailboats, powerboats, canoes and kayaks; home-built or commercial; nail and glue, stitch and glue or traditional. The more the merrier!" Mention is made of the expected participation of some of Jim Michalak's unique small boats. It will take place at Elk Neck State park in Maryland the first weekend in June.

The first weekend in June? Why, that's always been the John Gardner Small Craft Workshop weekend at Mystic Seaport, since 1970! But now, after the 2010 Mystic gathering (very small) with virtually no involvement of the Seaport, maybe it's indeed time to be moving on.

This Mid-Atlantic Messabout appears to have adopted the successful format of Cedar Key, in which there is no formal organizing at all, people who want to play just show up. Cedar Key goes from strength to strength every May. It sounded so appealing back in 2006 that we planned to actually drive all that 1,500 miles or so each way to attend. That's a whole lotta driving for me to undertake nowadays. But as it happened we did not go because an attack of Lyme disease swoll up my knees so much I couldn't drive, nor even ride in a car much more than an hour without discomfort.

And now, long since regaining use of my knees, I find such long, long drives mentally enervating, 12 hours on the road each day over the best part of three days is a monumental drag. The attraction no longer seems to exist that will persuade me onto the highways for so long a period of tedium. I enjoy riding back roads on my motorcycle but that's not how one gets to anyplace very far off in good time. And no, I will not fly. Aside from the finances of it for the two of us, air fares, rental car, etc, which tend to our favoring driving our own car, the TSA security antics today plus the airlines' predatory

pricing policies and apparent scorn for passengers (the word "steerage" comes to mind) mitigate against any desire on my part to fly anywhere anymore.

Well, this Maryland event is only about eight hours over the road from here, three hours closer than St Michaels, which we have attended a number of times since 1987. Unhappily from here to Elk Neck, Maryland, our route heads south right into that vast megalopolis, the New York/Washington axis with its traffic constipation. Even our escape route into western New Jersey to escape that New Jersey Turnpike on our last trip to St Michaels was tedious. No pleasing me anymore I guess.

But this newest messabout's informal format appeals, as does the lack of fees to participate. Hey, when Mystic jacked the Gardner Workshop entry fee up to \$50 a few years ago it gave pause to many. Was it worth \$100 for two of us to attend? And this invitation to all to come play, sailboats, powerboats, canoes and kayaks; home-built or commercial; nail and glue, stitch and glue or "traditional" would seem to promise an interesting mix of boats and owner/builders. We'll see.

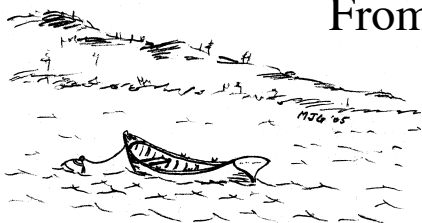
Sitting here surrounded by 3' of snow in single digit temperatures at the end of January writing this commentary, this cheerful message full of enthusiasm was most welcome. Other early bird announcements of coming events are beginning to show up, too, so there's hope for another year of small boat gatherings despite the ongoing economic debacle. If you are planning such a gathering, formal or informal, that you would like our readers to hear about, let me know, I'll get your message into print.

Keep in mind how slow we are off the mark. Each issue goes to press a month ahead of its cover date to allow for printing time and the oh-so-slow mail delivery. For example, if you have plans for an event in May (have a look at the May Urbanna Meet plans on page 10) we need to run information about it in the April issue (which closes last week of February) to give readers time to consider attending.

Yes, I know, the internet is certainly much faster but if readers have no idea who you are, they can hardly know who or what to google.

On the Cover...

Lifelong canoeist Larry Zuk (like his father before him) has been long noted for his ACA activities and canoe sailing expertise, but he also had a hankering for a real birch bark canoe and in this issue he tells us the story about the search, find, enjoyment of and eventual fate of *Gasno Gao*, which is Seneca (his adopted Native American tribe) for "birch bark canoe."



From the Journals of Constant Waterman

By Matthew Goldman
(Stonington, Connecticut)

My plan is to ride the ebb tide to Menemsha today. This begins at noon and runs easterly at two knots or better. Menemsha, near Gay Head, has a good harbor, a pumpout and a shower. If I don't wash my hair for another week, I'll have to go through a car wash. There's a frequent shuttle bus that serves the island. For \$6 I can ride the bus all day.

Tropical storm Florence is expected to pass off Cape Cod in a day or two. This decided me to head west instead of east. Nantucket is scheduled for heavy wind and steep seas.

This morning I sculled to the town pier and filled my water jug. When I returned to *MoonWind*, a domestic goose came by requesting a handout. Once you start feeding waterfowl, they become your masters. They cluster about your boat in droves demanding breakfast, supper, room service, clean sheets and champagne. It never ends.

I rowed to the head of Tashmoo in search of the path to the village. A grey haired man on his sailboat directed me where to land. "Just beach that pretty boat of yours on the lawn by the old water works building," he said. "If you wait a few minutes, I'll give you a ride to town." He squared away his moored boat and got into his dinghy. Once ashore, he showed me down a path through the woods that led to a parking area. We got into his pickup truck and fell into boating talk. I neglected to mark our turning point until we reached the main road. In less than half a mile he dropped me by the market and bade me farewell. I could not have fared better.

I bought one bagful of groceries, another full of ice and headed home. I turned into the side road and looked for the drive that led down to the lake. Was it that one? Or maybe this? I walked up and down for 15 minutes and encouraged the ice to melt. It gladly obliged me. By the time I noticed the water works building down the hill, the paper bag holding the ice had dissolved. I cradled 10lbs of ice to my chest and scurried down to the water. The cold water found its way inside my shirt and explored its way down my leg.

I enjoyed a leisurely pull down the lake. In ten minutes time, I could pick out *MoonWind*, calmly dragging her anchor. For 24 hours, she hadn't moved at all, but now a pleasant young breeze rippled the lake. *MoonWind* was halfway across the fairway and headed for a graceful ketch having a bright blue stripe beneath her rub rail. "No affairs for you, my girl," said I.

It was nearly noon and time to depart. Rather than anchor again, I hastily stowed my groceries and got my motor started. By the time I was ready to get underway, we were nearly alongside the ketch. I hauled my anchor and motored out of the harbor. I secured the helm and removed the stops from my sails. Occasionally I had to tend to the helm. I raised the main, and the breeze increased my speed. I was messing about with the jib and didn't notice where I was going. I was sailing among the moorings to one side of the channel. They were moorings for powerboats, rather small powerboats.

Next thing I knew, I was fast aground in the mud. The channel was only 50 yards away. I put the motor into neutral and quickly dropped the sails. I shifted into reverse. I churned up mud enough to thicken a chowder but *MoonWind* sat contentedly in the mud. I kedged an anchor astern with the Whitehall and winched as hard as I could while revving the motor. Nothin' doin'.

The only other option was try to go forward and hope that the water was 6" deeper ahead. All I did was bury myself a bit deeper. And the tide was going out. By low tide, I'd be lying on my side. I need to get some help while I still was buoyant. A passing boat alerted the harbormaster. I called my towing service on Channel 16. They promised to have a boat there in 20 minutes. The tide continued to ebb.

The harbormaster came by in his skiff and took my line. He tried to pull me backwards to no avail. When he gave up and backed his boat toward me, the slackened towline caught in my propeller and stalled my motor. It took us five minutes to get that snarl cleared.

A few minutes later, my tow service boat showed up. After trying to pull me both forward and backward, he bent a line to my halyard, backed off 100', and tipped me over until my keel broke free. I powered toward the channel, my rail awash. Success!

My little audience was greatly appreciative. I'd proved a distraction on an otherwise dull morning. If I'd had cold drinks and ice cream, I easily could have sold enough to pay my tow insurance.



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Maryland's Annapolis and Anne Arundel Counties are blessed to have two non-profit organizations sharing the same mission, overcoming obstacles to give everyone a chance to enjoy boats and boating. Both groups believe that with hundreds of miles of shoreline along the nation's largest and most productive estuary, no one in this area should go without experiencing time on the water.

Now Annapolis Community Boating (ACB) and Chesapeake Region Accessible Boating (CRAB) have agreed to forge a vigorous partnership this spring, with plans to merge. In the two years since it was formed, ACB has introduced more than 1,000 people of all ages to boats and boating, most at free or low-cost, one-day events or week-long camps. In its 20-year history, CRAB has specialized in taking disabled people sailing and has touched the lives of thousands. Both organizations have built fleets of boats to serve their needs and today oversee more than 50 boats ranging from kayaks and canoes to motorboats and sailboats.

CRAB founder Don Backe is also an original member of ACB's Board of Directors. He supports the merger as a way to continue and expand his organization's mission by using ACB's diverse fleet and extensive network of licensed instructors. ACB President Lorie Stout said merging will help solidify the fund raising base for both groups, thus expanding boating opportunities to the greater Anne Arundel Co. area.

The name CRAB will be adopted for the new entity, reflecting the commitment to continue serving the disabled community. The obvious fit of the two missions fulfills CRAB's unstated goal to integrate with all boaters. CRAB's fleet of larger boats completes the large number of small craft which ACB has amassed. CRAB's predominantly adult clients and ACB's youth emphasis further bolsters the strength of what will become known as CRAB-accessible to all.

The two groups will cosponsor the Spring Sails Event, a fund raiser scheduled for May 7 at Port Annapolis, and will share keelboat training events for residents of all ages and abilities while ACB will run two weeks of adaptive summer camps for disabled youngsters at Mayo Beach. Merger negotiations will continue through the summer.

Said Backe, "This merger will reflect our continued commitment to bringing people out on the water in boats, to providing introduction and training for the skills required to safely operate small craft on the Chesapeake Bay."

For more information about both organizations visit:

CRAB: www.CrabSailing.org (410) 626-0273
ACB: www.AnnapolisBoatii7g.org (410) 703-828

The Mid-Atlantic Messabout Is a Big "Go"!

It's on, June 3-4-5, at Elk Neck SP in Maryland. It will be an informal gathering for people who want to "mess about" in boats,

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sailboats, powerboats, canoes & kayaks; home-built or commercial; nail & glue, stitch & glue or "traditional". The more the merrier! Already at least a dozen small boat folks have said "yea". Jim Michalak's designs will be featured, at least 3 so far are coming (maybe more, some of the PDRs may be his designs too). Thanks to everyone who made suggestions and lent encouragement. It looks like about 25 boaters are "in" with more than 30 varied boats with another dozen likely.

Several of us have been on the water there previously and found it has a fine ramp, handy sand beach to gather on, great water for boats small and large, good camping (not at the beach) and is the most centrally located to the 40+ who have logged in so far. Nearby are motels & supplies.

Readers please consider yourselves invited but please note, life is not risk free. This is strictly a voluntary activity involving consenting adults responsible for their own persons, families and equipment. PFDs & prudent precautions are each boater's responsibility.

Check the following for more details:
<http://groups.yahoo.com/group/Eastern-Messabout/>
<http://dnr.maryland.gov/publiclands/central/elkneck.asp>

Bob Throne and Steve Bosquette, rev
Bob87@excite.com

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Rich Hilsinger, Director, *WoodenBoat* School, Brooklin, ME



Adventures & Experiences...

Found a Buyer

Thanks to my ad in *MAIB* I was able to find a buyer for my self-designed and home-built sailboat. He is a subscriber who lives just a town away from me in western Massachusetts. He is a friendly organic farmer with some barns for storage.

I took the boat to him on a cold January morning. He plans to use the boat's hardware and trailer and have the sails re-cut for a boat he is going to build with his teenage son. For me this bittersweet transaction was more sweet than bitter, confirming my already held belief that organ donation at the end of one's life is a good idea.

This passing on of my creation of 21 years ago, which has lain dormant for the past 10 years, reminds me of why this has been so. I live within a few miles of the Quabbin Reservoir, a beautiful body of water ideal for small boating, which does not permit any sort of small boating except motorized fishing skiffs. The unjustness of this, with outboard powered skiffs spilling fuel into the drinking water of Boston while human and sail powered boats are prohibited, suggests to me that perhaps the legions of kayakers kept off so attractive a body of water might organize a sort of Tea Party revolution, one I'd love to take part in.

Dick Damon, Amherst, MA

Editor Comments: Quabbin was built in the 1930s to address Boston's growing water needs 100 miles to the east. This resulted in the flooding of several towns, forcing relocation of all residents (and their cemeteries) with the minimal compensation offered for their old homesteads under the then harsh eminent domain laws. Most such water supplies prohibit ALL boating, but amongst the state legislators who enacted the enabling legislation were rural members who were fishermen belonging to local fish and game clubs. Their desire for fishing access was accommodated and endures to this day.

Information of Interest...

Martha Likes Our Guideboats

We were recently approached here at Adirondack Guideboat by one of Martha Stewart's producers wondering if they could borrow one of our cedar guide boats for their annual woodworking show. Sure, we said, especially considering that Martha's studio is 10 blocks from the Javits Center, where we would be doing the New York Boat Show at that time.

The program was broadcast on January 21 on the Hallmark Channel. It was actually a pretty interesting program. Martha's brother is a woodworker and he showed some things that he's made and Nick Offerman, (from NBC's *Parks & Rec*) showed some of his woodworking projects.

Here's a link to the Martha Stewart page on our website, there's a YouTube link to the segment she did on our boats. http://www.adirondack-guide-boat.com/martha_stewart.html as well as some photos from that broadcast.

And how about these suggested U.S. Postage Stamp designs? Nah, they won't be happening but we still think they're a good idea.

Steve & Dave, Adirondack Guideboat, Charlotte, VT



About "Fire in the Shop"

I wish to comment on the article, "Fire In The Shop", by Steve Bookman in the January issue. He mentioned spontaneous combustion and its causes. It is true that any greasy, oily rags and paper can combust spontaneously, some more than others. The environment that they are in has an effect, as well as the temperature and humidity of that environment.

For example, boiled linseed oil can combust under some conditions, but raw linseed oil has a much greater chance of combustion. You can pour raw linseed oil onto a couple of rags (the material also is a factor, cotton, cotton-poly, polyester, paper, cardboard, etc.) and let them sit bunched up in a safe place like a coffee can on the driveway. Check every 10-20 minutes and feel the heat produced. Works best in mid-summer when it is warm. If the rags have a high humidity and the air does as well, the chances are reduced. But, if the oily rags had a bit of residual gum turpentine, mineral spirits, or other solvent, the chances are much better for combustion. I've been told that raw linseed oil, on its own, is one of the easiest to combust.

This reminds me of a shop tip and old saying in regard to linseed oil and wood preservation. Raw linseed oil is what was (still is) used to treat wood on boats. The reason people don't like it today is that it turns black as it oxidizes but it penetrates better than boiled. The traditional recipe is; mix a pint of raw linseed oil, a pint of gum turpentine, (the real stuff), and pine tar to taste. Add a splash of Japan drier to help quicken the cure if desired.

The alternative (porch floor preservative/sealer) is to substitute boiled linseed oil. It will not turn black but it does not penetrate the wood as well. The old saying goes, "raw goes in, boiled leaves a skin". Boiled stays mostly on the surface and leaves a very nice color to the wood. Boiled linseed oil left

on wood long enough for it to dry becomes raised and hard and is difficult and time consuming to remove. Raw does a better job of preserving and penetrating, but it turns a dull black, and is not too attractive.

An unrelated tip (while I'm at this) for cleaning rust stains from sails is to mix lime juice with salt and rub it onto the stain, let sit in the sun for an hour or so, and repeat as necessary. Fresh rust stains will come out with an application or two, and leave just a trace of the stain. For older stains it will take several more applications, and it will not get as clean as the more recent ones.

I am going to take a shot at building a few boats to sell just to test the waters and see if it is doable and/or practical, on a very part-time basis. Small 10'-12' plywood skiffs are what I have in mind. I'm just in the beginning stage to get that moving forward.

Happy sails.

Greg Grundtisch, Lancaster, NY

Information Wanted...

Great Lakes Canoeing Novel

Are you familiar with or have you ever heard of a novel written turn of the last century, 1900s, about a canoe trip around the Great Lakes by a popular author of a contemporary outdoors magazine? I read the book years ago and would like to rediscover it. Love your magazine

Louis Webster, 839-19th Ave. S., Seattle, WA 98144, (206) 328-2434 Home, (206)355-9949 Cell, Louis.Webster2006@gmail.com

Editor Comments: We cannot help, can anyone out there in canoeland?

Like to Hear About *Escapade*

I'd like to hear about a boat, Dave Gerr's "Escapade", that was built as it is delightful.

John Bahrt, Maine

Projects...

Phunstuph Inverted

Perhaps some readers may recall my little 10' Bolger based clamming skiff *Phunstuph* from the Editor's report on his clamming trip in her with me last summer. Well now she is on the hard upside down (quite a trick to flip her what with her large cabin) in a local boatyard awaiting a springtime redo of her bottom fiberglassing.

The need for this became apparent at season's end when she would no longer get up on a plane. A look underneath when she was hauled out revealed the bottom's fiberglass coating had delaminated across the bow transom forming a scoop, which acted as very effective water brake.

George Thomas, Essex, MA



Kind of a Dud

Four years or so ago I built a 9' wooden "Tecumseh" flat bottom fishing canoe to capture a muskie in a local lake. It turned out to be kind of a dud for fishing so I have converted it to a wannabee sailboat. That story may surface after more sailing attempts take place this coming summer.

To pass the winter my son and I are building another Take Apart kayak since he took over the original leaving me with the least used 9' one. As the 13' Take Apart is fast I told him to build his own, so now we are.

The photos show Mike in the "Tecumseh" and my old paddling partner, Bob Sullivan, in his fiberglass Poke Boat. Bob got me started building wooden boats and introduced me to *MAIB*,

Bob McAuley, Woodridge, IL



Tugboat Annie

This is a model boat I built about 1954 from plans for a New York harbor tug published either in *Flying Models* or *Model Airplane News*, I forget which. She is pictured running in the river next to my home. When not afloat *Tugboat Annie* sits on a shelf in my grandson's home.

Craig Wilson, Groveland, CA jpg



This Magazine...

Noticed Some Changes

The monthly version of *MAIB* (since January, 2008) leaves a time gap between finishing one issue and receiving the next. Luckily I have 20 years of past issues and so I have been reading these old issues during the gap.

I have noticed some changes since then. For one thing there were no websites listed in the old issues. Correspondence was all by regular mail. Designers offered free study plans. Phil Bolger wrote his own column.

I have found a couple of bygone quirks, articles by Jim Michalak and John Welsford in which their names were not mentioned at all! I also found an article by a West Wight

Potter owner about his experience in the 1994 earthquake that Dan Rogers and I recently wrote about.

Thank you for all the great enjoyment from your magazine.

Reed Smith, Ventura, CA

Thanks for Your Help

Many thanks for publishing my inquiry about a 22" model of a Melonseed sailboat that I had asked about (January issue). I got the following email from Mike Wick:

"I am building, and writing about building, the Ted Cook model while I build the full size Cortez Melonseed. It is available from the Florida Maritime Museum, 4415 119th St. W, P.O. Box 100, Cortez, FL 34215. (941) 708-4935, (941) 704-8598 (cell).

The model has been invaluable to me for experimenting with possible changes to the design of the boat. The model is wonderfully accurate. The cost for me was \$120 including shipping and I have found it worth every penny.

The maker of the model is at tn-cook7778@aol.com.

For more information about melonseed models, consult our new website; <http://traditionalsmallcraft.com/TSC.html>

For all things for the nautically obsessed join the Traditional Small Craft Association and read their fine publication, *The Ash Breeze*. I am co-editor. Mike Wick."

George Duncan, Old Lyme, CT.

Keeping Me Young

Your January issue has not arrived, but I am looking forward to it. Your issues keep this 94 year-old young!

Herman Nordstrom, Barrington, RI

Still Love the Magazine!

In my yard and on my property I have 20 small boats. Within a mile are 3 more. And within 80 miles is another. Am I nuts?

You do a great job and any criticism is nonsense. If one doesn't like any article just don't read it.

Dan Robbins, Williamson, NY

Not Renewing

I am writing to say I have decided to not continue receiving *MAIB*. I have been a subscriber since sometime in the early to mid-'80s and have kept every issue, but I now find I have not been reading it much for the past several months. In fact, I have not been reading much in any of the 7 or 8 publications that come to us and have decided to drop all subscriptions.

I have enjoyed *MAIB* very much over the years and am glad to have had the privilege of receiving such a fine work. Other than the old *Small Boat Journal*, I do not know of any publication that has been as much a joy to receive as *MAIB*.

Timothy Dale, Deal Island, MD

From the Internet

Increasingly readers have been sharing with us items of interest they have come across in their internet surfing. The only way to fully appreciate these is to go online and enter the URLs so, here are a few more. We will carry on with these as circumstances provide in upcoming issues.

From Mel Gancsos: Coming soon to your favorite anchorage: Google "seabreacher"

From Keith Muscott: The transatlantic crossing of *Son of Town Hall*: http://floatingneutrinos.com/n.store/neutrino_sutra.htm

Strandbeests: <http://youtube.com/watch?v=HSKyHmjyrkA&feature=email>

From Dave Lucas: Speed, comfort and safety: Google "seaphantom"

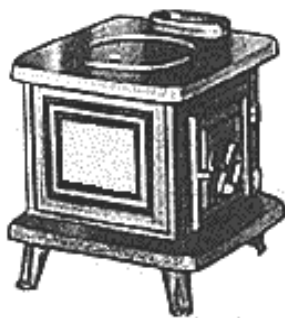
From Ed McGuire: Pond Yachting: <http://www.pondboats.com/> * www.youtube.com/watch?v=td3GLSfWU-0 * www.pondyachts.com

From Dock Shuter: Rinspeeds: <http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=sJC7E06IBXl&NR=1&feature=fvwp>

http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=xo_8XNXY83Q&NR=1

From Dock Shuter: Survive global warming, innovate or die: <http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=zoSLqm1aVvA&feature=related>

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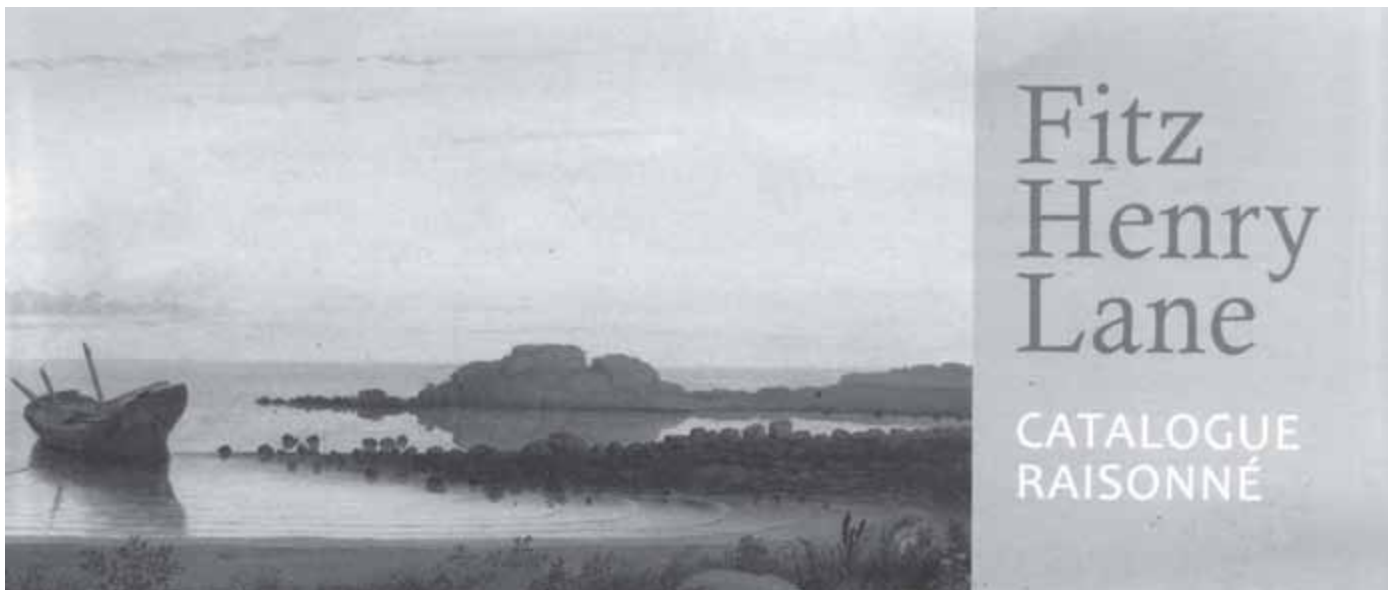
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The Cape Ann Museum has announced the initiation of the Fitz Henry Lane Catalogue Raisonné project. The Museum, located in Gloucester, Massachusetts, Lane's birthplace and home for most of his life, has the largest collection of the artist's paintings, drawings, and related material. The catalogue raisonné project and the associated scholarship is central to one of the Museum's core missions; to better understand, enhance, and preserve the work of Lane and to become the repository and ongoing scholarly resource for material relating to Lane's work and his milieu of coastal New England.

The project will be headed by long-time Museum board member Sam Holdsworth and will draw upon a broad range of scholars and curators. Advisory and Attribution Committees will be comprised of relevant experts in the field. John Wilmerding, the leading Lane scholar and author of several Lane books and past curator of American paintings at the National Gallery in Washington, will act as Senior Advisor to the project and will serve on the Committee.

"This project promises to make a significant contribution to the field of American art. It will not only document the work of a major artist in mid-19th century American painting, perhaps the key figure in what we now call Luminism, but should also help sort out the complex attribution questions relating to his work and that of his several talented assistants and students, most notably Mary B. Mellen.

Fitz Henry Lane Catalogue Raisonné

By Mary Mellen

After his lifetime, Lane passed into several decades of obscurity, only to be rediscovered with an incorrect name and confusion of his work with his followers. We have witnessed the emergence of much formerly unknown interpretive information. The catalogue raisonné is a most timely and fitting research undertaking in this process of clarifying Lane's accomplishments," said Wilmerding.

The project will take a number of years to complete and will result in a web-based catalog and critical exploration of Lane and his world, a physical study archive of full-sized digitally printed reproductions of all of Lane's work, and a book tied to an exhibition. The book will include broader research and critical analysis from a variety of authors as well as the traditional catalogue raisonné material.

"We at the Museum are very excited to be embarking on this important phase of Lane scholarship. Beyond Lane's deep Gloucester connections, there is much more to learn about his years in Boston, his travels to Maine, and the contributions his art made to the broader, cultural story of pre-Civil War America," said Cape Ann Museum Director Ronda Faloon.

The Cape Ann Museum is at the heart of a long arts tradition, exhibiting work by Cape Ann artists from all periods, including the present. Through its permanent collections and special exhibitions, the Museum explores the connection between artists and place. In addition to the Lane collection, the Museum holds work by other late 19th and early 20th century painters connected with Cape Ann; Winslow Homer, Cecilia Beaux, John Sloan, Stuart Davis, Marsden Hartley, and Milton Avery among them. Works by Cape Ann sculptors Walker Hancock, Paul Manship, Anna Hyatt Huntington, and Katharine Lane Weems are also part of the permanent collection.

As well as fine art galleries, the Museum features two galleries devoted to Cape Ann's maritime/fisheries history, a gallery dedicated to the granite industry, and two historic houses. The extensive library and archives is available for use by researchers, students, and the general public.

For general information on the Museum, please visit the website at www.capeannmuseum.org

If you have information or inquiries regarding Fitz Henry Lane works, please contact:

Researcher: Ashlee Bailey, (978) 283-0455 ext. 24; lanecr@capeannmuseum.org

Project Director: Sam Holdsworth, (505) 982-1902; lanecr@capeannmuseum.org

The Traditional Small Craft Association

The Traditional Small Craft Association, Inc., is a nonprofit educational organization which works to preserve and continue the living traditions, skills, lore and legends surrounding working and pleasure watercraft whose origins predate the marine gasoline engine. It encourages the design, construction, and use of these boats, and it embraces contemporary variations and adaptations of traditional designs.

Upcoming Event

TSCA 2011 National Meeting, April 16th, 2011, Great Florida Gulf Coast Small Craft Festival Cortez, FL.

For more information go to website: www.tsca.net

Dues for individual or family memberships are \$20 per year. We also have Sponsor Member categories designed for corporate entities (e.g. boat shops, boat builders, boat builders' suppliers) as well as for individuals desiring to support the organization at a higher level than basic membership. Contact Mike Wick at mikewick55@yahoo.com for more information on sponsorship privileges and rates. Dues include the quarterly magazine *Ash Breeze*.

The Traditional Small Craft Association, Inc., is a tax-exempt, non profit organization under Section 501(c)(3) of the Internal Revenue Code. Dues and contributions to TSCA are tax-deductible to the extent permitted by law.

As a bare bones listing of small fiberglass sailboats produced since the beginning of the fiberglass era, this book, with its profile drawings and accommodation plans for 360 craft under 26', will be useful as a catalogue of what is out there in the new and used boat markets. As a buyers' guide, however, the book leaves much to be desired. Although the cover blurbs make much of the "detailed comparisons" between similar boats, little of use is offered that would not be available from the various manufacturer's own brochures. We get a lot of stats indicating what a given boat should do or might do; much rarer are unequivocal statements about what it actually can do. A case in point is the author's treatment of the statistically similar Herreshoff America and Marshall Sanderling 18' catboats.

Of the Herreshoff America, Henkel says it was introduced in 1971 as "a direct competitor to the perennially successful Marshall 18". He adds the useful information that comparable boats from other manufacturers are usually better finished, and then asserts that the boat's centerboard has a "relatively high aspect ratio (presumably also in relation to comparable boats) which adds efficiency upwind". But if, as this would seem to imply, she is more efficient to windward than at least some of her peers, he never comes right out and says so. This is probably a good thing because we doubt that she is.

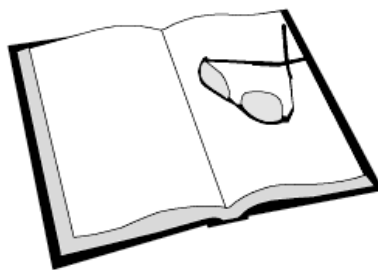
Oddly, in the table of direct comparisons with "comps" (comparable boats) which is given with every boat review, he does not include the Marshall 18, but compares the America to the Mystic 20, the Com-Pac Horizon 18, the Herreshoff Eagle 21 (not a catboat at all, but a clipper-bowed sloop), and the Menger Cat 19.

Stats compared are LOD, beam, minimum draft, weight of ballast, sail area to displacement ratio, displacement to length ratio, PHRF rating, hull speed, motion index (a somewhat arbitrary formula for determining how comfortable a boat will be in a seaway), space index (a formula for rating the living/storage space on a boat), number of berths (that favorite of advertisers and brochure writers), and headroom.

If you wish to make the logical direct comparison between the Herreshoff America and the boat it was designed to compete with, you must skip ahead to the page on the Marshall 18 where that boat's stats are given in comparison with a different set of craft. Here you will find that the stats you take from the Marshall page are quite similar to those for the Herreshoff America. The Marshall does have a slight edge in the sail area to displacement department and the PHRF (9 seconds per mile) but then the Herreshoff has that "high aspect centerboard". Pretty much a wash, you might conclude.

But no. Not obvious amid this plethora of statistics is the simple fact that, and this is what a prospective buyer would want to know, after all, the Herreshoff America is just no match for a Marshall 18.

Another boat which gets a page in the book is the French-built Golif 21. I know this boat well, having owned one and sailed it up and down the east coast between Mt. Desert



Book Reviews

The Sailor's Book of Small Cruising Sailboats

By Steve Henkel
International Marine, 2010

Reviewed by W.R. Cheney

in Maine and the Shinnecock Canal on Long Island, NY and lived aboard for several winters in the Bahamas.

The Sailor's Book of Small Cruising Sailboats mentions that the Golif has a wrap-around "windshield" at the forward end of the cabin and a novel (and effective) ventilation system. Almost in passing, it says that "the heavy keel, relatively narrow beam and long waterline, and high aspect sail plan (we are not quite sure what a high aspect sail plan has to do with this) add up to a comfortable sea boat" which is all well and good as far as it goes.

What the book fails to mention is that a Golif was a successful finisher in one of the early OSTAR races and that several others have made Atlantic crossings. For someone looking for a small, go anywhere boat which can be owned and cruised on a very low budget, this bulletproof little craft might be the best choice available anywhere, period. Alas, no comment on the Golif page does anything to distinguish her from a multitude of lesser craft.

There is a table way in the back of the book with listings of "bests" under various categories (13 best boats for a couple, 14 best boats for easy ramp launching etc.) and here the Golif does get mention as one of the twelve best "blue water cruisers". But mention on a list which includes, as it does, the 15' West Wight Potter, and leaves out, as it also does, the Lyle Hess designed Falmouth Cutter, is not as clear an endorsement as a simple statement of her record would be.

A large part of every boat review is a listing of "best features" and "worst features" and this was a category I frequently had problems with. Trailerability and headroom are qualities which are given great weight by the author with windward performance and seaworthiness perhaps coming in somewhere down the line. Boats with low, sleek silhouettes are frequently cited as having less headroom than their boxier "comps" with this as their "worst feature". Some might hold that such attributes, contributing as they do to windward performance and beauty should be in the "best feature" category.

Speaking of the superbly crafted Sam Morse built Falmouth Cutter which many authorities, but apparently not Mr. Henkel (she does not even make his list of "12 best blue water cruisers"), consider to be the finest small ocean going cruiser extant, the author says her "worst feature" is that the extensive woodwork for which she is known will "take a heap of loving care". While it is true that many excellent mariners are not maintenance freaks, not a few preferring paint to varnish, and others, still better, preferring a mixture of linseed oil, Stockholm tar and turpentine to paint, they usually retain a sense of admiration and respect for nice brightwork. It seems strange indeed to equate the presence of beautiful wood on a boat with its "worst feature". A more serious approach to the "worst feature" question might involve consideration of the Falmouth Cutter's substantial bowsprit. Necessary, along with a boomkin to spread out her rig and achieve the sail area required to propel her considerable bulk, this lengthy projection might be an unpleasant place to visit should it be necessary to do so in heavy weather.

Another pair of catboats that comes under scrutiny is the Atlantic City 24 and the Marshall 22. *The Sailor's Book of Small Cruising Sailboats* says that the Atlantic City boat is commodious with standing headroom and space for "a large close-knit family" while the Marshall entry is not. What it doesn't say is that there is a price to be paid for all this room on such a short and shallow platform. Because of excessive windage caused by her high topsides and house, the Atlantic City Cat is more of a true auxiliary than her "comp". This means here that she occasionally needs help from her engine to perform operations like coming about in certain conditions of wind and chop.

In the review of that transcendent sea boat and world voyager, the Laurent Giles designed Vertue, her "worst feature" is said to be that if you want to trailer her, you will need a really big truck. Now, the author is just wasting our time with this one. Do we really need to be told that that it takes a big truck to haul a big boat?

I remember reading an account of someone's voyaging in a fiberglass Vertue (the name and author of which I can no longer recall) in which it was said that although the design was flawless, certain aspects of the construction of the fiberglass version left much to be desired. Before serious blue water work was contemplated, she needed to be beefed up in these areas. If this is true, we have a much better candidate for the "worst feature" department.

The Sailor's Book... also includes a general discussion of what various features of a boat's design will mean in terms of a boat's performance. Some of this will be quite useful for those not already familiar with these matters, but other parts seem sketchy and incomplete. In a discussion of rudder types, for example, the author rightly states that an outboard rudder hung on pintles and gudgeon has the advantages of simplicity and accessibility. Not mentioned however is the vulnerability of spade rudders (a feature of many, many of these small craft) to damage during groundings, nor does he say anything about their annoying propensity to catch on submerged lines like lobster pot warps.

But perhaps I cavil too much. In spite of what I see as its many faults, this book remains a useful reference.



The Man Who Loved Schooners is an unusual book about an unusual (and enviable) life. The protagonist is Walter Boudreau, born in 1918 in Amherst, Nova Scotia, descendant of a long line of sea captains broken only by his own father who was a country doctor.

Walter, who in photos taken during his young manhood, looks a lot like that other eminent French Canadian, Jack Kerouac, is early smitten by the sea and dreams only of sailing before the mast. For most young men at that time this was an unfortunate ambition because commercial sail was everywhere dying out, sail being replaced by steam and the internal combustion engine. Aspiring to a career in sail was about as promising as wanting to be a cavalryman.

Young Boudreau persists, however, and in spite of family pressure to pursue a career in medicine, the last day of December 1942 sees him in Halifax, Nova Scotia, with his seaman's card signing aboard the *Angelus* out of Montreal, a square-rigged barkentine of 238 tons. A pure sailing vessel without an engine or mechanical contrivances of any kind, the *Angelus* was involved in trade between the Maritimes and Barbados taking lumber and hardware south and returning with molasses and rum.

In wartime, too slow for convoys, the *Angelus* sailed alone though enemy submarine infested waters, her main hope of survival being the somewhat wishful belief that the Germans wouldn't waste any torpedoes on an ancient windjammer in a trade that was of something less than strategic importance.

Their luck held on the way down and young Boudreau got his first intoxicating taste of the tropics while the *Angelus* unloaded and took on new cargo at Barbados.

The Man Who Loved Schooners

By R.L. Boudreau
Tiller Publishing, St Michael's, MD, 2000

Reviewed by W.R. Cheney

The trip back was another matter. Several hundred miles north of Bermuda and approximately 400 miles off the US coast the *Angelus* was overtaken by U-415. Forced to abandon ship Boudreau and his 11 shipmates had to watch while the Germans destroyed and sank the old *Angelus* with their deck gun. There followed a harrowing ordeal at sea in the open lifeboat. By the time they were picked up by a destroyer escort ten days later only Boudreau and one other crewman were still alive, the rest having succumbed to exposure and thirst.

You might think that after such an experience one might turn to chicken farming or some other occupation far from the cruel sea, but Walter Boudreau was made of sterner stuff. After a few weeks of rest and recuperation with his parents, he was back in Louisbourg, Nova Scotia, signing up for the same run to Barbados, now on the three-masted schooner *City of New York*.

At war's end Boudreau got a schooner of his own and engaged in general trade to places like Prince Edward Island, St Pierre, Miquelon, and Newfoundland until he lost her on a lee shore in a gale.

Ashore again in 1948, Boudreau happened to read a newspaper article about the dudschooner pioneer Frank Swift who was taking paying passengers out for seven-day schooner

cruises from Camden, Maine. He found the idea fascinating so he booked passage by phone for a week on the *Mattie* and headed south by bus. The cruise was a great success and Boudreau had a wonderful time. He was so impressed, in fact, that he immediately bought Irving Johnson's old gaff rigged North Sea pilot schooner, *Yankee*, on credit and began a similar operation in the Bras d'or Lakes in Nova Scotia.

Thus began what was to become a long and rewarding career in the charter business. Boudreau married, raised a large family, and owned a seemingly endless succession of schooners in which he took charters all over the Bahamas, the Caribbean, and many places in South America. Along the way he started a hotel in Marigot Bay, St Lucia, which later became headquarters for The Moorings charter company. Whenever possible, his family sailed with him and a number of his sons and daughters have followed his footsteps to careers in sail.

Interestingly, this book, which is autobiographical in format and narrated first person by Walter Boudreau, was actually written by his son Robert Lewis Boudreau. Robert Lewis explains that his father and he made "many deep sea passages together, the first when I was only a few months old. We often talked together over the years and much of the subject matter covered in this book stems from those conversations. We would sit on deck and watch the sun set following a passage between the islands, and after filling his pipe he would begin: There was a time when... or, I was once sailing to... and the stories would unfold."

So call it an autobiography or call it a biography, maybe it is a little bit of both, it's one hell of a tale about a life many of us would like to have lived.

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Rumblings from the North Country early in December made us in Virginia look at our calendars a little earlier this year. And after this cold, miserable winter, we understand why the New Jersey guys actually plan their boating events way in advance! So it's time to quiet Bob Hicks' gentle admonitions to get something in the magazine about the "Urbanna Meet" this year. I just looked to see how many years ago this family boating event was founded by our intrepid Jim Thayer and cohorts, and realized that last year was the 30th, but we forgot to make a big deal about it. Like I said, it's informal.

Thanks to the continued hospitality of Jim and Nancy Wesson at Freeport Marina, the Urbanna Creek Rum and Rowing Appreciation Association small craft gathering, AKA the "Urbanna Meet," has been held on the banks of the Piankatank River in Gloucester County for the last 8 years. We always talk about how we'd like to explore other places, but when all is said and done, the "primitive" camping here feels downright luxurious since Freeport is so pretty.

There are no "campsites." We have permission to put up our tents on the Wesson's lawn and use the marina toilets and picnic tables. No showers, no electricity, just a beautiful former steamboat landing at the end of a farm lane. Saturday night we all bring something to throw on the big barbeque grill and a dish to share, whatever our specialty is. I bring baked beans, charcoal, and some extra paper plates and hot dogs. Everyone provides their own beverages. If we forget something, the Food Lion is about 8 miles back up on the highway (so we usually make do or scrounge from someone less forgetful). We take up a collection to make the Wessons happy to have us, and bring a few egg cartons to replace the ones we take away with fresh eggs from his chickens.



Reese Bull, Mary Slaughter, John England and Dean Meledones prepare the grill for the bbq & covered dish supper.

Bob Austin prepares his boat *Sirius* for a Sunday afternoon sail in the freshening breezes.



Urbanna Creek Rum and Rowing Appreciation Association Small Boat Meet

By Vera English
All Photos from 2010 Meet



Our activities are also informal. Traditionally, Mary Slaughter or Virginia Blackwell will bring the beginnings of a craft activity for the fall's St. Michaels' MASCF. There is a small beach for the kids to play on (the youngsters from long ago are bringing our grandchildren), floating docks to tie to, and lots of good food and camaraderie. There is a lovely river to sail on, and a nearby marsh complete with eagles and egrets if the wind is too stiff or non-existent.

No organization, however, we are supposed to have races, but after doing this for



Lacey England prepares the next generation (her daughter Madeline) for sailing at the Urbanna Meet.

And away they go!



30 years, it's usually someone else who organizes them on the spot. The traditional prize was a bottle of rum, hence the name of the "association", now we share it around the campfire on Saturday night. It goes well with Robin Muir's Chocolate Texas Sheet Cake. The other awards have languished: Dan has had the Cuban Bandera (the former trophy for Thayer's Pickle Grand Nationals) hanging in his basement for at least 12 years, and we've had the Thayer *Tholepin* Commemorative Trophy catching dust on our filing cabinet since Bob Austin won the 25th in his Stickleback dory.

The weather, children's graduations, and busy schedules decide whether we have a crowd or a few, but we always have the stalwart. Greg DeCowsky leaked the word to the Tri-River TSCA, so a few of them have put us on their calendar. Long-timers Ron and Virginia Blackwell have usually arrived by Friday afternoon and their extended family, the Rutherfords, often join us. John England is there by 7 or 7:30 on Saturday morning with a pot of coffee. Folks arrive throughout Saturday, and even on Sunday, depending on the weather. If it's good, it wraps up later in the afternoon, as we're tempted by the pleasant breezes to delay heading home. If the weather's bad, we can plan another field trip to the Deltaville Maritime Museum, where John has been restoring the log buyboat *FD Crockett*, but that's a different story: <http://deltavilleva.com/blogs/crockett/default.aspx>.

So this year's 31st UCRRAA Small Boat Meet will be held on the weekend of May 14-15, 2011 at Freeport Marina on the Piankatank River, Virginia. It's a great area for historic villages and inexpensive B&Bs if you don't want to camp. For more information call John or Vera England at (804) 758-2721 or email at mama5england@hotmail.com.



Liz Rutherford Blackwell instructs Reese, Ron and John on paddling techniques.

Ten days in two National Park areas; Gates of the Arctic National Park and Noatak National Preserve canoeing or paddle rafting adventure on Class I and II river, day hikes of any length over trailless, uneven terrain, wildlife and scenic photography, fishing.

In the heart of Arctic Alaska's Central Brooks Range, Mt Igikpak gives birth to Alaska's longest, and premier, wild and scenic river. Beginning in Gates of the Arctic National Park and flowing through Noatak National Preserve, the Noatak meanders more than 400 miles through a grand and spacious land, the largest undisturbed wilderness in North America, a watershed entirely above the Arctic Circle.

Ten thousand years ago ancestral Eskimos traversed the valley, leaving only scattered remains of camps. Today there is but a single settlement on the lower river. All else is wilderness. The Noatak is ideally suited to canoeing. It is fairly easy and meandering for the first few days, giving us an opportunity to practice paddling skills. Further down, the current increases and we encounter Class II rapids. With upriver winds, our paddling arms gain strength. We paddle Ally folding canoes down the upper 110 miles of the river, through a broad U-shaped glacial valley ringed by rugged mountains and weathered tundra foothills.

Our journey begins with a scenic flight over the Central Brooks Range, passing the jagged spires of Arrigetch Peaks and landing in the river's headwaters in Gates of the Arctic National Park. Gates of the Arctic includes more than eight million acres, most of it designated as wilderness. We explore the wild upper Noatak valley with day hikes to explore beckoning side valleys and hike the ridges overlooking spectacular valleys.

The Noatak River's mountainous headwaters are part of the summer territory of the Western Arctic Caribou herd. Thousands of caribou migrate through the Noatak valley on their way to and from summer ranges north of the Brooks Range. With luck, we'll see small bands of caribou crossing the tundra or swimming the river. In June and July the animals traverse the area, keeping on the move.

In August they head south towards the Kobuk River. Small numbers of muskoxen have moved into the region, we usually see one or two along the river. Dall sheep inhabit the mountainous headwaters; we are likely to encounter wolves, moose, fox, and grizzly bears. If the chum salmon are spawning on one of the side streams, we have an opportunity to observe bears fishing in the creek. Our schedule allows lots of time for day hiking, berry picking, or fishing for arctic char, grayling, lake trout, and northern pike.

June and July trips offer constant light, wildflowers, and generally good stretches of clear weather. August trips immerse you in the Far North's autumn glory. Fall colors, with brilliant red, yellow, and purple paint the land. Caribou are photogenic and regal in their dark coats. Plump blueberries provide us with desserts and breakfast fruit.

Our Noatak paddle through Alaska's Brooks Range is one of the Far North's classic "life list" river trips. We begin "in the shadow" of the tallest peak in Gates of the Arctic, and traverse a region with outstanding scenery, great day hiking, and superb wildlife viewing opportunities. No previous river experience is necessary to enjoy this expedition.

Noatak River Canoeing Odyssey Gates of the Arctic National Park

(Submitted by Dick Winslow who is contemplating this Equinox Wilderness Expedition as his 2011 wilderness canoeing adventure)



Itinerary

Day 0: Travel to Fairbanks, Alaska. The group generally plans to meet for dinner the night before the trip to go over final trip details and to get acquainted. Overnight accommodations are on your own, but we can help you with suggestions and bookings at our favorite bed and breakfasts and hotels in Fairbanks.

Day 1: Meet at small airport in the morning. Fly by scheduled flight from Fairbanks to Bettles or to Coldfoot. From here, we can explore the small town of Bettles or visit the Interagency Visitor Center in Coldfoot. To reach the Noatak, we fly by bush plane from the lowland, lake-dotted flats and boreal forest along the Koyukuk River and north up

the Alatna River, where scattered trees give way to alpine tundra and eventually fell fields and the high mountain peaks. We cross the Continental (Arctic) Divide and land near the river's headwaters, nestled between 6,000' peaks. Mt Igikpak, highest peak in the Central Brooks Range, is visible upriver from us. We can spend the rest of our day exploring the valley and surrounding hills.

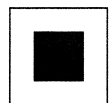
Day 2: After breakfast we have the day to explore the valley on foot, following a tributary up towards its headwaters or climbing one of the surrounding peaks. The Noatak River follows a serpentine course across a two-mile wide U-shaped valley with oxbow lakes dotting the valley. We discuss basic paddling skills, boat loading, and safety concerns before inflating boats and embarking on our journey.

Days 3-9: We paddle two-person canoes, covering six to twenty-five miles per day depending upon the wind, weather, and our need to "cover some miles." The paddling is moderately easy (generally Class I, with a little Class II+) If there are upriver winds, some paddling days may be long. Our ten-day trip stays in the mountains as we explore the upper Noatak. We leave the highest mountains and the river widens and increases in volume, and the gradient becomes more apparent as we paddle through a narrow canyon where the rocks create exciting Class II whitewater. We continue, down through wilderness lands, as the valley opens up.

We have a few layover days for hiking. Every day offers the opportunity to observe wildlife and to enjoy the solitude of the longest undisturbed wilderness waterway in the Brooks Range.

Day 9: We spend our final night on the Noatak and carry our boats up to a lake a short distance from the river, or camp on a gravel bar for a wheel plane pick-up.

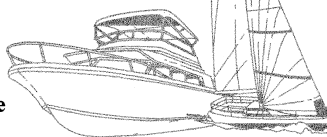
Day 10: We are picked up by bush plane and taken south, back over the mountains to Bettles or Coldfoot. From here, we fly back to Fairbanks by scheduled or charter air service. If all goes well, we arrive by 5pm and often get together for a final no-host dinner.



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It is very hard to grasp that we are actually sailing our own boat, *Presto!*, even if it is 30 years after we created our 5-year plan. Back then, Rodger and I arrived in Newport on a 29' Tripp Lentsch named *Good Hope*. We sold her with the plan to buy a house, live in the area for five years, buy another boat and sail away to a new adventure one day.

Three decades later, that dream finally came true. Here we were, leaving a haven off the upper Miami River after waiting for two days while a squally southerly blew through. We were joined for a brisk sail down Biscayne Bay by good friends on a Cheoy Lee Pedrick 41 named *Amazon*, whose design was drawn by a friend, Jeremy McGeary (parts of which were also drawn by Rodger in the early '80s). We were sailing the first *Presto* 30, with a reefed foresail only. We were very comfortable considering 20-25kt winds on the beam and a short chop in the Bay. At last, we were heading south on our way to Pine Island on the west coast of Florida, just north of Fort Myers.

As the wind increased to 2kts and gust-ed to 30kts and more, we put a second reef in the foresail. We were still doing 5.5-6kts on a close reach, outsailing *Amazon*, who had rolled up their genoa and were motoring. That evening, we beat up into the tee of the mangroves on the west side of Card Sound and anchored in 4'-5' of water. Dean and Sandy's very generous invitation to dinner aboard *Amazon* was quickly accepted.

Beasts & BBQ

The next day brought fair weather. Heading south again, we ended the day in Tarpon Basin, on the inside of Key Largo. We had been invited by friends of Newport friends (who recognized *Presto!*'s distinctive profile) to spend the night at their dock up a quiet canal full of manatee. The gentle, appealing creatures came to visit, and soon five of the huge, Michelinian beasts were rolling around, drinking from a fresh water hose.

That night, Julia and Jared, instructors at Outward Bound in Key Largo, invited us to a barbecue. Rodger designed the new Outward Bound 30s, two of which were leaving the next day for a week's trip with six students and two instructors aboard; they rowed away from the dock seeking adventure in Florida Bay, where we were heading next.

After a short, quiet sail down the Intracoastal, we turned west across the unmarked, mangrove-laced, milky blue of Florida Bay to Manatee Keys for the night. This was as far as the 4'6"-draft *Amazon* could accom-

Sea of Dreams

Sailing a Presto 30 (Named *Presto!*) from Miami to Pine Key

By Patty Martin
Originally Published *Blue Water Dreams*



Manatees come to visit at Key Largo.

pany us, and we used their dinghy to investigate Manatee Pass. Manatee Pass was the first of several very narrow, shallow channels marked by wooden stakes with pointers that we would pass through on our route across the Bay.

No Boats for Days

The next day in the pouring rain, we weighed anchor and hoisted both sails. Our adventure in the Bay had begun. Passing

safely through Manatee Pass back into 6' of milky blue water, we could only see the bottom at the sides of each of the passes, where herons, egrets and ibis were eyeing us nervously. Next was Captain Key Pass, deep and easy, and after that Crab Key Pass, which was not so easy. We had to lower the engine and motor as the wind had come ahead and it was not possible to sail through safely. Soon, though, we sailed west to Gopher Key Pass and eventually anchored between Rabbit and Little Rabbit Keys.

By now the water was crystal clear, with a green, grassy bottom. We were warned by the Outward Bound instructors, who traverse these waters all winter, that Rabbit Key anchorage had poor holding, and the warning was correct. We dragged anchor in the night, as usual at 3am, when the wind picks up. We checked our bearing and it showed that we had stopped dragging, so we went back to bed with a safe lee. In Rabbit Key Pass, the water was clear. Egrets and cormorants fishing on the sides of the pass squawked as we went past and then carried on getting breakfast. Two more shallow passes and we were off the banks.

We would probably not have attempted this without local knowledge. One of the Outward Bound instructors gave us her cruising directions for different passes and we had a fantastic "Top Spot" fishing, diving and recreation map, which showed all the passes, hot fishing spots and GPS locations. Most importantly, *Presto!*, with her appendages "all up," drew only 12"! We also had a 10' push pole in case we had to pole our way through the shallows.

This shoal-cut travel was an experience we wouldn't have wanted to miss, admittedly a bit nerve wracking to start with, but once we were accustomed to seeing the bottom so close (or feeling it with the board when it wasn't clear), it seemed to be the natural way to sail in these parts. The route is only available to "flats boats" (small, shallow-vee fishing boats with lifting outboards), sharpies, kayaks and canoes, as some of the cuts are too narrow for multihulls. I thought it remarkable that we were 5-10 miles off the Florida mainland in the middle of the winter season, yet saw no other boat or human for three days.

Twists & Turns, Rods & Guns

Now in the Gulf proper, we sailed round Cape Sable, a sandy cape south of Whitewater Bay and the Everglades National Park. It was a long sail to Little Shark River, where

The designer sailing *Presto!* Off Miami.



An Outward Bound 30 outward bound from Key Largo.





Marker for Mantatee Keys Pass.

The Shark River confluence 3 miles upstream.



we entered the mouth, sailed up river for a couple of miles, came to a confluence of two waterways, and anchored *Presto!* for the night. Dolphins came to visit, osprey wheeled overhead and herons and egrets fished from the Mangrove banks.

Presto! lay to the current and then the wind; it was a serene, peaceful and natural place with no sign of anything manmade, except for us. In a wind and tide situation such as this, it is easy to get the rode around the keel, rudder or both, but we put *Presto!* "all up," so her bottom was as smooth as a dolphin's and there was nothing to snag. The river here is 20-30 yards wide, and between 8' and 10' deep, yet cruising boats seem afraid to explore it.

The next morning, we headed further upriver around the twists and turns of mysterious mangrove islands, all in about 8' of

water and entered Whitewater Bay. Its open expanses, after the mangrove-lined river, are exhilarating. Since time was unfortunately short and we had a deadline to be in Bokeelia, we spent only the morning exploring the Bay before heading out of the (big) Shark River mouth and sailing north for the Ten Thousand Islands and Everglades City.

We anchored northeast of Indian Key, where we saw the most sailing boats on the whole trip, six or seven. Many left the next morning, heading south. *Presto!* motored up the river, against a vigorous outgoing tide, to Everglades City and tied up at the Rod and Gun Club. Built in 1864, this beautifully maintained relic of high-style frontier life was bought in 1922 by Barron Collier for entertaining the glitterati of the '20s.

Seeing us trekking into town with our 6 and 2 gallon gas cans, a thoughtful fishing

boat captain gave us a lift to the gas station and then picked us up and gave us a lift back to the club.

Stress-Free Sailing

Still moving, we left Everglades City against a 2kt current, missing the tide again. Instead of heading off around Cape Romano with its reputation for shifting sandbanks, we decided to go up the river behind the Cape and Marco Island, inside all the way to Naples.

Once inside Coon Cay Pass, we sailed up the broad, twisty rivers for two days, running before strong southerlies with the full foresail, much of the time sailing by the lee since this was easy and stress-free. Even a full-standing gybe was gentle, with *Presto!*s rotating masts and wishbone rig. This was fast sailing, with speeds up to 8kts in gusts

Alongside at Everglades City.



The 1864 Rod & Gun Club at Everglades City, outside and inside.





Relaxing at Naples City Marina.

under the full foresail, and we reveled in waving to surprised motorboaters out for Sunday rides.

Once in Naples, we treated ourselves to a night in the Naples City Marina, with hot showers, a walk ashore and a good dinner. There was a small-craft advisory for the following morning, but Rodger had met a sport-fish captain who said he was driving out to the beach to look at the seas. After his shower, Rodger checked out Gulf wave heights on magicseaweed.com. Things didn't look too bad, so we decided to go for a look at Gordon's Pass, which is well marked but a little daunting, with waves breaking on both sides of the channel.

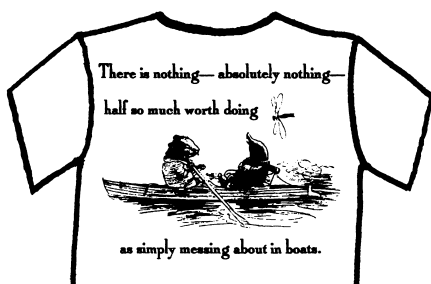
Small craft advisory or not, the sun came out and we could sail at a good clip on a close reach to Fort Myers and up into Pine Island Sound, near our destination of Bokeelia. Our new Presto 30 had impressed us with her versatility and safe, easy handling, gobbling up miles like a much bigger boat. We made good time up the sound, having to finally motor, as the channel was fairly narrow and the wind on the nose. Dropping anchor at the south end of Cayo Costa in very calm water, we poled our way into the beach and tied a line from the stern to a post on the shore. We dropped the transom door and stepped onto a beautiful, white-sand beach without getting our feet wet. This is what cruising on Presto! is all about.



Journey's end at Cayo Costa on Pine Island Sound a Bokelia.

Presto! on the beach at journey's end. *Presto!* is the first Presto 30 of our design and Patty & I are planning to take her from Pine Island, on the west coast of Florida, to the Bahamas for two months this coming February, March and April. We plan to write about that too.

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As kayak paddler a revelation came to me when I realized that it would be possible to explore areas of the Arctic up close in my kayak. John Dowd had said at a kayak symposium that I could do this provided I had a folding kayak to fly to anywhere. That cinched it, I would buy a folding kayak, the kind of a kayak that is designed for paddling on the windy frigid open waters of the Arctic to see what the Arctic looks like and feels like from the cockpit of a kayak.

To me the Arctic is such a mysterious place. My first contact came when I saw some very colorful rocks on display from Baffin Island at the New York and Montreal World's Fair. This inspired me to see where those fascinating rocks might have come from and what else was up there for me to look at and wonder about. How about the plants, what did they look like? With all my years of paddling in Stony Creek among our granitic Connecticut islands I knew I liked rocky coastline to study and think about from my cockpit, enjoying the shapes and colors of the rocks.

I paddled in Newfoundland in 1989 but for all the cliffs I looked at, the rocks were not that exciting because they were just dark brown basalt. Newfoundland is not in the arctic, it is in the boreal which is just a northern extension of the boreal forests of Maine. Then I had the opportunity to go to Pond Inlet, which is one of the northernmost communities on Baffin Island at 72° north. Since I had no idea what Pond Inlet might be really like it was worth a try to get there and see.

Flying up to Pond Inlet on the east coast of Baffin Island I saw some of the most dramatic rock fjord coastline in the world. When I got to Pond Inlet my first view was of Bylot Island some 14 miles to the north with its incredible assortment of mountains and glaciers leading right to the edge of the water. In awe I looked at that coastline many times while I was there but I did not venture across

Arctic Views from My Klepper Cockpit (Rocks)

By Gail Ferris



My faithful Klepper ready to take me exploring.

because it just looked too difficult for someone of my skill to paddle along.

It looked as though there were few landing sites and I had heard that there were plenty of polar bears to share the beach with as well. That is not for me! I thought to myself "Nothing like being stuck between the water and the sheer rock cliffs in the company of a polar bear".

From Pond Inlet I watched interesting cloud formations come and go. Storms would occur from day to day over those pyramidal shaped mountains on Bylot Island, as indicated by snow on them, while in Pond Inlet it would be a bright and sunny day.

In the meantime I joined a group of paddlers heading south and west along the less intimidating coast leading down to Oliver Sound. Before we left we found out where there were campsites along our route at shorter distances and hopefully with likelihood of fewer polar bears. We could see the cliffs

in the background at the opening of Oliver Sound where we were going. We knew that there was a landing area with a nice brook just after those cliffs. In that campsite area we later found remains of many sod dwellings from different periods of occupation and a fish weir made with rocks. I knew that this area had to have always very heavily used.

As we were crossing the entrance to Oliver Sound on our first crossing, the waves became increasingly steep and chaotic but they were only 3'-4' which was not all that threatening for a loaded folding kayak like my Klepper. We kept going because we already had been told that this spot is noted for being threatening. We knew that we were making a relatively calm crossing.

From my cockpit, looking south down Oliver Sound a couple miles to the east side of Qorbignaluk Headland where we were not going, I saw a large rock slide cut loose from the top of 3,000' foot cliffs. The dust from that rockslide hung in the air for a long time. Whew! I thought to myself how lucky we were that we had not happened to be paddling in that area because I wonder if we would have been able to get out of the range of those falling rocks tumbling and bouncing down into the water immediately below. We could have been on the receiving end, a terrible happening I had not quite thought of before. We had decided to cross above nearer to Emerson Island along the north side of this headland, which now I know is of a more stable type of rock. We did not see any rockslides both times when we passed by, those migmatite cliffs of Qorbignaluk Headland.

Farther on, after we camped, we came across the most lovely colors and striations from the metamorphosed sedimentary and volcanic strata in the rocks right at the edge of the shore. I could not believe the green pink and white stripes all smoothed off by glaciation.

In Arctic Bay, which is also on Baffin Island at the same latitude of 72 degrees



Heading southwest down the coast towards Oliver Sound.

3,000' cliffs at Pond Inlet.



Quartzite cliffs in Arctic Bay.





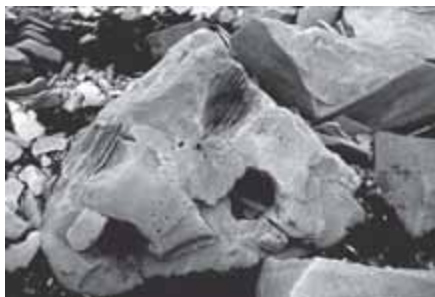
My campsite on Arctic Bay.

north, the geology was very exciting to look at from my kayak. There is an amazing mixture of igneous, metamorphic and sedimentary rocks with sculptural erosion. There right at the edge of the water I could enjoy the colors shapes and swirls, which were a delight to the eye.

I had become sort of trapped by the ice that had followed me down Adams Sound so my choices for the tent site were suddenly quite limited to only one! I rather looked around so to speak thinking about where it might be possible to set up my tent and not be on the receiving end. There were lots of rocks on the bottom but their sizes graded down to less threatening closer to the beach. Then the question of "where will the high tide come?" loomed in my mind. Nothing like having my kayak floating off to never never land and the contents of my tent awash at some very inopportune time at night!

Well right in front of me was a nice well-defined tent ring. Since I am somewhat superstitious in circumstances such as this, here I am all alone. Wow was I lucky. My kayak was just at the tide line, of course I did have it tied off.

The next day I went exploring and found some very interesting rocks and even some ferns growing hidden among the rock scree. One was quite exotic in that I have never seen such a type of metamorphosed quartzite. It had to originally be of sedimentary origin, fine pink sand with the major mineral component being quartz. The fine quartzitic sand is nicely changed into a homogenous material but within it are less metamorphosed spherical chambers filled with layered quartzitic sand and areas of small gas bubbles. The rock was a stunning pink.



Quartzite holes.

The sandstone quartzite must have been an Aeolian or wind deposit that was metamorphosed mainly by pressure in this instance. The rock is colonized by some brilliantly colored lichens in jet black and brilliant orange.



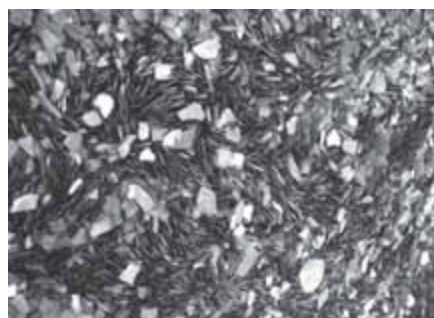
Sandstone quartzite, possibly wind-deposited Aeolian quartzite.

A few miles down Adams Sound I came across this metamorphosed igneous intrusion complete with mica, pink and white feldspar, all in the granite family. Finding this metamorphosed stratified granitic rock made me feel completely at home since where I live is a granite coastline. For a moment all was well with the world, I thought I was at home, only this rock was even more varied in color and striations than what I find in Stony Creek.



Metamorphosed stratified granitic rock.

I was just totally surprised to come across a very small beach covered with slate that was broken into similarly shaped sizes that consistent wave action had arranged into a swirl pattern. At first I thought I was imagining things but then I realized it could be possible because the source, which I noticed



Wave-arranged small pieces of slate.

was just above my head, was homogeneous.

On my way back out of Adams Sound I happened to be in the right moment when I saw this rather spooky image. It was composed of quartzite rock strata that had survived the weathering and wind. These statuesque figures looked like Saint Francis and a monk in waiting. I think it is one of the most extreme examples of rocks and minerals I have ever seen. The sight of these human looking spires made me feel as though Adams Sound was a haunted place.



Spooky figures about to climb a cliff, quartzite strata weathered into human looking figures.

I have made several trips to the Upernavik area of Greenland. I had studied beforehand to find out what type of topography and rock was in this area I proposed to look at so that I could look forward to seeing rocks from my cockpit. I particularly enjoy the colors and shapes they have. I avoid sedimentary rock areas, which is why I specifically choose to paddle in the Upernavik Greenland



Sanderson's Hope, a 3,000' landmark dominating the Uppernavik region.



Umiat Mountain, so named due to its resemblance to a "women's boat".

area. I flew into town in 1992 by helicopter and visited with the museum director to find out what to be aware of.

The most famous landmark in this area is Sanderson's Hope/Qaerssorssuaq, a mountain over 3,000' high that plunges straight into the water. Local people have told me, justifiably so, that the weather is judged by looking at Qaerssorssuaq to see if it has a hat on, of so the weather will be bad.

In 2008 when I was about 20 miles to the north it so happened on a refractory day that I was able to see this mountain. It was a spectacular sight from such a distance because there is nothing else that resembles this nearly perfect pyramidal shape.

A major landmark visible for miles around is Umiat Mountain/Umiatugssuk, shaped like an umiat or woman's boat. From Aseritoq, which is a village site on Aappilattoq Island it can be seen at a distance of about 10 miles, with directly behind it Sanderson's Hope.

I visited a bay which was noted for having many wild flowers, it was a very dramatic peninsula flanking the bay on its north side. I just happened to have pulled my kayak up on a shallow stone as others had done with their boats and dogsledges. How often I found when boating in this area the shallow ramps of igneous gneiss or granite made landing really very convenient for campsites. On the opposite side of that peninsula the rock is just a mass of broken chunks. This side is a product of geological formation (being a dome) and had been smoothed by glaciation. The bay and valley was filled with glacial erratics, which I guess had been deposited by melt deposition.

I went on a toot behind Aappilattoq Island and there I came across an area of interesting metamorphosis hosting brilliant colored coarse-grained granite at the edge of, and in, the water where I happened to tie my kayak off. The colors of the feldspar showed at their best in shallow water just beneath my kayak. The crystals were brilliant orange, pink and red pink mixed with black mica and white quartz. The size of the crystals was 1/2". I just happened to be out scouting

Feldspar showed its colors best in shallow water.



places where people might have lived when I came across this stone.

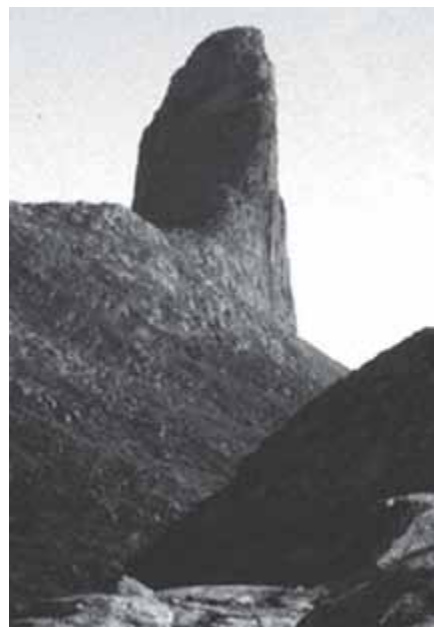
I paddled down to Laksefjorden/Eqalugarssuit. On my way down I crossed the famous passage, where many birds nest, called Sortehul/Akornat, but across from that I went down Torssuktak passage which is flanked by numerous waterfalls on Nutarmiut Island. From there I continued past some razor bill/auk nesting cliffs and squeaked through a tiny passage that was now quite defined on the map where people had once lived. Across Amgmarqeaq passage was the entrance to Lakesfjord which is flanked on both sides by vertical cliffs of grey gneissic rock with no place to land. I was quite anxious, naturally, about where might I find an emergency landing place.

On my return trip out of the fjord I spent some time doing detailed paddling on the west side. I was trying to avoid the constant 15kt wind in my face by hugging the rock cliff faces. I happened to find on this west side a waterfall coming down from the heights. This was a most delightful moment with the light shining through the water as it cascaded over the rocks. This was one of those "who would believe" sort of moments paddling in this remote land

Within Torssut passage was a brightly colored cliff which might be white feldspar with an area of iron sulphate that makes for a colorful combination. Some auks were nesting on these cliffs in 1992.

Kullorsuaq was an interesting area where I found some combinations of miner-

The "Devil's Thumb" at Kullorsuaq.



Hornblende gneiss beautifully metamorphosed commonly seen in Kullorsuaq.

Iron mineralization/hematite in gneiss, just after a rain the rock is still wet.



als metamorphosed together that were visually exciting. Kullorsuaq is best known for its unique landmark, the Devil's Thumb.

Back south at 73° I found very brilliant mineral strata on Innarsuit Island, something quite exciting to photograph when I was close up, capturing the detail of this strata. This rock was encrusted with yellow limonite but where the crust had worn away beneath was exposed black hornblende, white feldspar, dark brown iron and other metamorphosed mineral strata. From miles away this island can easily be recognized because of the colored strata of these cliffs.

All around this area the dominant rock was just plain yellow gneiss. In fact there were whole islands of this, one notable island, because that was all there was to see on it, was Qaneq Island. The gneiss was rounded off by the glacier leaving rounded mound shapes with no variation in color, like blobs of dough.

In 2005 one of my most exciting moments in my kayak was passing between a small island which had sheer drop-offs on the back side and an iceberg. What made it really exciting was the fog rolling in from the outside. I thought this was pretty wild and I spent the next couple of days watching the fog coming and going but never actually covering the island. I found places where people had lived until fairly recently. On the south side was a wonderful beach, perfect for landing boats and bringing dogsleds up on.



A landmark south of Kullorsuaq called Uummanaq, meaning heart-shape (photo taken from local ferry) a hard to believe geological formation found in the Kullorsuaq-Nussuaq area.



Exciting moment with fog rising ahead of a passage between headland (left) and iceberg (right).



As an artist I paint watercolors related to these images which I have been fascinated with since childhood. My kayak serves me as a way to access these views.
gaileferris@hotmail.com

The Magnum Opus Cruises began in 1980 and our Shallow Water Sailors have had a one every year up through 2008. I think it's spectacular that a single group of sailors have been sailing together for over thirty years! The cruises began when Peter Duff invited his Dovekie and Shearwater customers to come sail with him. Peter would pick the cruising area and a loyal group of sailors would show up. None took place in 2009 and 2010 and we need to get them going again.

There are some sailors who have done nearly all these cruises! The MO cruises are generally two weeks in length and happen during July or August. For the last few years we intended to organize a Magnum Opus Committee to plan the cruise but the it never was formed. We are hoping this year to rejuvenate the Committee by getting more people actively involved in planning. Bygone participants and others (including any interested readers who might like to join us) are invited get involved in the 2011 cruise planning.

As Editor of our newsletter, *The Shallow Water Sailor*, I will coordinate bringing together those who come forward, but will step aside once they organize to do the planning. There is some work involved. Once a cruising area is chosen it will be necessary to select a ramp and itinerary and get information concerning stops along the way, etc. Also those who can only sail for a week need to be considered in planning these cruises. PLEASE help us to keep this cruise alive and join this Committee.

Resurrecting the Magnum Opus Cruise

By Kenneth Murphy
Shallow Water Sailors

Call me or email me if you want to be involved. Ken Murphy at (301) 330-4983 or kgmurphy@comcast.net.

The Magnum Opus Cruises

- 1980:** St. John River, New Brunswick, Canada
- 1981:** Little Current, North Channel, Lake Huron, Ontario, Canada
- 1982:** Bras d'Or Lake, Nova Scotia, Canada
- 1983:** Cape Charles to Chincoteague and Assateague Islands, Virginia
- 1984:** Rideau Waterway, Ontario, Canada
- 1985:** Lake Champlain, New York and Vermont
- 1986:** Florida Keys, FL in February. Parry Sound, Georgian Bay, Lake Huron, ON, in August
- 1987:** Parry Sound, Georgian Bay, Lake Huron, Ontario, Canada
- 1988:** St. John River, New Brunswick, Canada
- 1989:** Trent-Severn Waterway, Ontario, Canada
- 1990:** Maine Island Trail, Maine

- 1991:** Elizabeth Islands, Martha's Vineyard, and Nantucket, Massachusetts
 - 1992:** Waubaushene, Georgian Bay, Lake Huron, Ontario, Canada
 - 1993:** Snug Harbor, Georgian Bay, Lake Huron, Ontario, Canada
 - 1994:** Rideau Waterway, Ontario, Canada
 - 1995:** Mattapoisett, Elizabeth Islands, and Martha's Vineyard, Massachusetts
 - 1996:** Lake Champlain, New York and Vermont
 - 1997:** Moosehead Lake, Maine
 - 1998:** Lake Champlain, New York and Vermont
 - 1999:** Little Current, North Channel, Lake Huron, Ontario, Canada
 - 2000:** Spanish, North Channel, Lake Huron, Ontario, Canada
 - 2001:** Elizabeth Islands, Massachusetts
 - 2002:** Spanish, North Channel, Lake Huron, Ontario, Canada
 - 2003:** Lake Champlain, the Inland Sea, New York and Vermont
 - 2004:** Bras d'Or Lake, Nova Scotia, Canada
 - 2005:** Lake Champlain, the Inland Sea, New York and Vermont
 - 2006:** Spanish, North Channel, Lake Huron, Ontario, Canada
 - 2007:** Cape Ann and the marshes behind Plum Island, Massachusetts
 - 2008:** Penobscot Bay, Stockton Springs, Maine
- Cruise stories of the Shallow Water Sailors can be found on their web pages at <http://shallowwatersailor.us/>

The Unknown River

By Philip Gilbert Hamerton

A Digest

Reprinted from *Paddles Past*
Journal of the Historic
Canoe and Kayak Association



A difficult place.

One of the benefits of the computer age is the ease in which books which are no longer available in the original (or where one is expected to pay hundreds for such, if available) is that where there is no longer copyright, they can be found as reprints, particularly books which may not be considered mainstream. On the downside, many of the reprinted books are either poorly scanned so that text is illegible, pages are missing, or where OCR is used, the quality of proofreading (where this has even been carried out at all) leaves much to be desired.

One of the books we've recently purchased is Philip Gilbert Hamerton's *The Unknown River*, which tells the story of his trip down the River Arroux in France in 1866. The original was published in 1874 and the reprint is by Kessinger Publishing in 2009 under ISBN 0548903298. Lack of care with the reprint soon becomes clear after page 16 when it is discovered page 17 and the page depicting the etching "Chateau of Igornay" are missing. That this is not a one-off error became evident when a replacement was sent.

Having made my point on the quality of some reprints (and this is only the tip of the iceberg so far as the quality of reprinting a number of other canoeing books), I am delighted to now have in my possession Hamerton's work *An Etcher's Voyage of Discovery* (also known as *The Unknown River*) in a paper canoe on the Arroux, a tributary of the Loire, in France.

The journey takes place just prior to the Franco-Prussian War (1870-1871) and spy fever was at high level, so any foreigner sketching buildings, bridges, military barracks, or taking notes and the like, was likely to be taken into custody. Hamerton had similar difficulties during his *Summer Voyage on the Saone*.

Hamerton's thoughts on boat construction and the difficulties he encountered, which he wished to share with others, are that, "It may interest readers who share the author's boating propensities to know that the voyage was undertaken in a canoe fabricated by his own hands of paper, on a light skeleton of laths. The whole of the voyage was accomplished in this fragile craft; but it is only honest to add that she became leaky before it was over and was condemned as un-riverworthy at the end.

"Not that I think, even now, that paper is a bad material for canoes, but I had not then

(1866) hit upon the right material for gluing it. I employed the enduit Ruolz, which takes about 12 months to harden, and I had not patience to wait the 12 months; so the sheets or bands of paper did not really adhere, and the water oozed between them after a while.

"The proper gum to use for fastening paper so as to resist water is simply a strong solution of shellac in spirits of wine. I have a canoe at present and two small punts which are made of thin wood lined with paper, applied with shellac. When a leak shows itself it is stopped at once with a bit of paper and a touch of the solution, which dries immediately. An English oarsman tells me that for the last two years he has used bits of calico with the same solution in an old wooden canoe, which remains serviceable, thanks to the shellac."

One result of the voyage narrated in this volume was the invention of a machine which is a punt by day on the water, and a hut by night on shore, large enough to stretch a hammock in. The American reader will no doubt pardon an allusion to these fancies, and believe them compatible with serious work in other ways. If it is boyish to like boating, in all its forms (as some grave and wise men seem to imagine), I hope to remain puerile yet a little longer. The cold sapience of age comes on rapidly enough to all of us, and it is not a misfortune to be able still to feel an irrational delight in a canoe when she glides in safety, and an imprudent indifference when she upsets.

The choice of mode of travel and the choice of title for Hamerton's book are highlighted in the following passage, and it is interesting to acknowledge the author's feelings on river travel and how little the general public know of the rivers and streams in the vicinity where they live.

"It is curious how capable we all are of seeing people and things every day of our lives without inhabitants of great cities, being satiated by the continual sight of innumera-

ble persons and things, have this indifference in the most strongly developed form, but it may be observed in the country with regard to what is most commonly seen there.

"For instance, brooks and streams are very commonly met with in all northern countries, and therefore very few people ever give a thought to the geography of them, or have any thing beyond a very vague and general notion of their course. The inhabitants of the region through which the stream passes usually know it at bridges and fords, and farmers know it where it eats away the land, and where, in times of flood, it is most likely to leave a deposit of sand and pebbles; the angler, too, may have followed it for a few miles, and some professional landscape painter or amateur may have explored a few of its most picturesque parts. But no man living knows the whole stream, and so there is always a great mystery about it, and any one who cares to follow its course faithfully may enjoy all the keen delights, and feel all the unceasing interest, which belong to a true exploration."

So here we have it, the fascination of traveling new waters in the knowledge that not many have gone before you, unless you seek rivers where mass tourism or that the river has become a navigation. Here is a venture which commenced high up on the Arroux near Voudenay and descended 100 metres over 100 kilometres before the waters mingled with those of the Loire. A thoroughly good read and delightful tale accompanied by 36 of the writer's etchings undertaken just one year after John Macgregor had completed his *A Thousand Miles in the Rob Roy Canoe*. A pioneer journey from a writer who is little known except for his artistic works. A highly amusing read and social history of the time and a worthwhile read.

Hamerton was born in Crompton, Lancashire, on September 10, 1834 and died on November 4, 1894, having spent much of his life in France.



Crossing a field.

A night in the canoe.



Anglesey is an island separated from the mainland by the Menai Straits. The name comes from the Viking name for it, Ongel's Isle. This was adopted by the Normans as the official name some time after 1066, but the Welsh name is Ynys Môn, Mona Island. It was known to the Romans as Mona when Paulinus invaded in about 50AD to destroy the druids, who were based here. They must have had great power throughout Celtic Britain at the time. See wikipedia for a short but informative overview:

<http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Anglesey>

Nelson famously stated that the Menai Straits, or rather "The Swellies", the central reach between the two bridges connecting to the mainland, was the most dangerous stretch of water in the world. This opinion was no doubt based on the Navy's experience of taking big men of war through it, with up to 22' draught. Large boats can only pass through at HW springs, which is the most dangerous time. There are only about 30 minutes of slack at best and Nelson's warships would have been towed through, so one small miscalculation would have led to disaster because of the many rock shoals and the forbidding shoreline. The tides run at up to 9kts here. I've sailed through on a number of occasions, the most demanding being the time two of us took a 15-footer through under sail and oar, no engine. It's essential to do your homework on the tides beforehand.

Anglesey has a population of just 69,000 and three-quarters of them use Welsh ('Cymraeg') as their first language. The approximate position of my village (officially just a hamlet) is shown on the attached map as a black dot. My home is the first house on the right as you come into the village proper from the main road, up on a bank (Tegfryn, the hamlet's name is Welsh for Fair Bank).

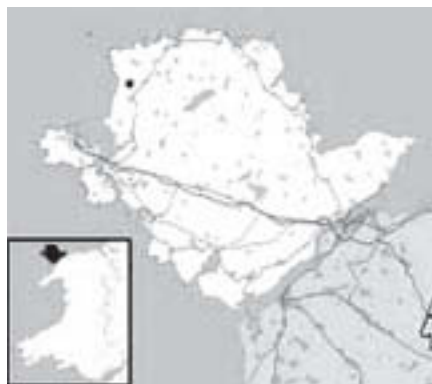
There are two bridges spanning the Straits, the first built being the elegant suspension bridge, one of the first, if not the

The Isle of Anglesey

A UK Dinghy Cruising Coastline

By Keith Muscott

(Editor Comments: Keith is Editor of the Dinghy Cruising Association Journal from which we regularly reprint articles on the way it is done in the UK. Keith's description of where he lives in Wales on the west coast of England looking across to Ireland is evocative of how attractive an area it is for messing about in small cruising dinghies).



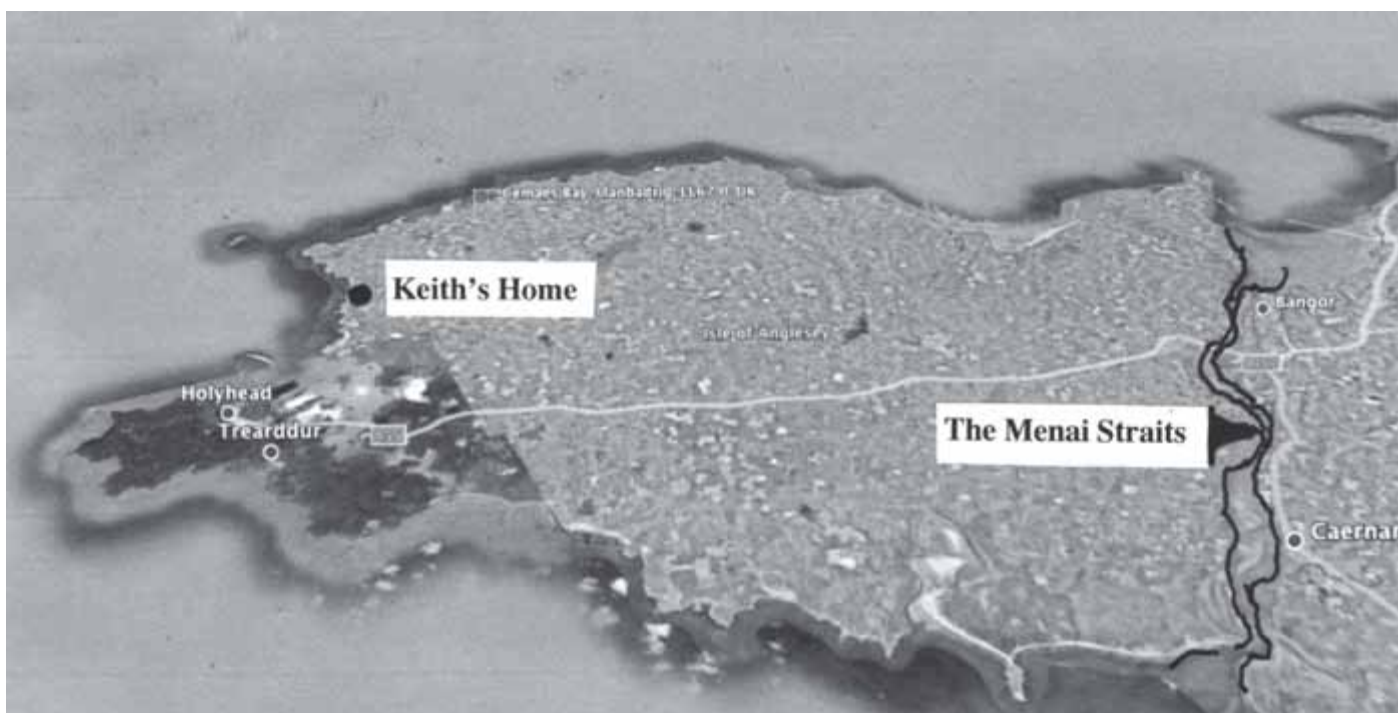
first, in the world. It was designed for horses and feet, so the speed limit is 5mph! The Britannia Bridge was another original, built of square iron tubes jacked up from barges and locked into place. Only a railway line passed through the tube until the 1950s, when it was badly damaged by fire. In a sense this saved us from a big traffic problem, as they rebuilt it to carry both the railway and on top the dual carriageway A55, the main arterial link to mainland Wales.

I wouldn't know where to stop if I presented a list of good beaches and bays; there are dozens of them, all beautiful and all unique to themselves. My sailing club is at Traeth Bychan, a corner of Red Wharf Bay, which is easy to find, and I used to belong to Trearddur Bay Sailing Club on the opposite, southwestern side. I often launch from Cemaes Bay, a couple of villages along from me on the north coast. It is everybody's idea of a beautiful little fishing village.

My friend's Australian girlfriend, who was born and brought up in Sydney and now lives in Brisbane, turned to me during a walk I escorted them on recently and said, "This is what I call a coast, we have nothing to touch it in Australia!" Which was some compliment. She was impressed by the sheer variety, cliffs, sandy bays, etc. The waters around the island are wonderful but potentially dangerous, with powerful tides at all the main headlands.

Craig y Mor (Rock of the Sea, the photograph taken by my son) is in Trearddur Bay, and the house once belonged to a guy who was one of the founder members of the TB Sailing Club back in the 1920s; others included the novelist Nicholas Monsarrat and his family (*The Cruel Sea*). He was very young then, but his father was a successful surgeon who could afford to have a holiday home there as well as his practice back in Rodney Street, Liverpool, which is still occupied largely by physicians. The performance of TBSC's young sailors was impressive when WWII broke out, Monsarrat became a corvette captain, of course, but there were many others, including a guy called Buckley who did some very brave things with his submarine.

I started coming to Anglesey on holiday in 1973, and did not miss at least four weeks per year here ever since. I bought my house in 2000 and retired here from teaching in 2003. Unfortunately my wife of 38 years, Eileen (a Welsh-speaking girl from Porthmadoc, North Wales) died from cancer on the first anniversary of our moving here, December 18th, 2004. C'est la vie.





The Menai suspension bridge.



The Britannia bridge and Nelson Monument.



The Craig y Mor (Rock of the Sea) house and lagoon in Trearddur Bay.

This old signal station ruin can just be seen from my window on the skyline to the left of Holyhead mountain (it was of the mechanical semaphore type, 20 minutes from ships being sighted off South Stack to the reports being received in Liverpool, Bidston Hill, on the Wirral being the last in the chain).



The view from my place looking across to Holyhead Mountain and H Harbour, on Anglesey taken after December snowstorms.

Cable Bay cottage represents a step forward in technology—the cable was laid from here to Ireland, then left Valentia Island for Newfoundland. The Bay is off to the right of the view from my window. I can't launch from Cable Bay, but I can from bays just to the north and south of it. The caves in the cliffs to the left are fascinating. The shots were all taken on the same walk from my place, none very far away.



Yippee! Dinghy Sailing at its Finest!



Over the years I've owned a number of different boats including a Mirror Dinghy, GP14, Falmouth Bass Boat, Westerly Nomad and a Macwester Rowan Crown. All gave great pleasure and, as is the way, each boat was bigger than the last. That is until three years ago when I downsized to a West Wight Potter E-Type. This splendid little boat followed on from earlier Stanley Smith designs made in the early '60s. It was built to a very high standard by Dave Keffen of Pot Wight Marine in 2001 and has a GRP hull with wooden topsides and a gunter rig. The cabin provides two 7' berths and there is built-in internal ballast beneath the floor. Buoyancy compartments are fitted in the bow, under the floor and beneath the cockpit seats.

On Saturday Morning, June 5, I launched *Lady Lynda* from the public slipway opposite the Ferry Hotel on Walney Island with BAE's Submarine Construction Hall in the background.

I left Walney Island Bridge (Barrow-in-Furness) at 1045h on the last of the ebb tide, heading down Walney Channel on passage to the Lancaster Canal via Morecambe Bay, the River Lune and Glasson Dock, a distance of 19 nautical miles. The day was set fair with the early morning Shipping Forecast giving F2-3, occasionally 4, with a variable west to northwest wind.

I set off with my 3hp Yamaha Malta pushing me gently along, passing under Walney Bridge, past the many boats moored opposite the slipways of Vickers Shipyard (now owned and operated by BAE Systems) and on down the channel towards Piel Island.

With the outgoing tide and gentle breeze I hoisted sail and turned off the engine. Making a steady 2kts down the channel I passed Barrow Docks and the giant yellow support platforms under construction for the wind farms to be sited off Walney Island. I passed the Gas Terminal, Roa Island Boat Club, Barrow Life Boat Station and Piel Castle and reached the tip of Walney Island by 1255h.

My passage plan to cross Morecambe Bay included a course to steer to the West Cardinal Buoy which marks the entrance to the River Lune and from there up the river to arrive at Glasson Dock at 1730h, one hour before HW. My chart is kept in a waterproof plastic folder which I can easily update with a chinagraph pencil as I progress. Compass and GPS are fixed to the outside of the cabin doors which are kept closed at sea.

The launching at Walney Island.



Walney Island to Lancaster Canal (In a West Wight Potter)

By Graham Perry
Reprinted from the
Dinghy Cruising Association Bulletin #208



The Brazilian Potter based on Martin Pook's design (theAX Potter) and built in Brazil by Medaglia Boatyard.

Leaving Walney Island at 1300h I set course for the River Lune, planning to reach the West Cardinal Buoy by 1530h at an estimated speed of 3kts. However, in the light breeze I was making only 2kts and needed the engine to assist. My speed increased to 3.4kts and I arrived at the Lune WCB by 1530h. The wind increased and with the rising tide I enjoyed a most memorable sail up the River Lune passing Plover Scar on the way and arrived at Glasson Dock at 1730h. I called the Harbour Master on VHF to request entry but was told to wait until a pilot boat and a large freighter had cleared the entrance.

I prepared to enter the dock and made ready the fenders and mooring lines. The plan was to enter the inner basin and gain access to the Lancaster Canal (via the Glasson Branch) and it required locking in from dock to basin. Four boats circled the dock waiting to enter. A large catamaran was first to enter, followed by a yacht, then it was my turn, followed by an-

other yacht. The last yacht with a fin keel ran aground in the entrance. He eventually floated clear so all four of us were in together.

This is where it got a little tricky. First the lock operator failed to catch my line, which was partly my fault. My boat drifted sideways toward the catamaran. All my fenders were in use down my starboard side so there were none on the port side. The catamaran owner stepped forward with three large fenders so damage was averted:

(Lessons learnt: Make sure mooring lines are correctly prepared for throwing before they are needed and carry sufficient fenders to protect both sides of the boat.)

Once the lock started to flood I found it difficult, being single-handed, to keep both bow and stern lines tight as water flooded in. The water rushed between the boat and the lock wall, forcing my boat towards the catamaran. I'm 67 and not what I was in my younger days, so I struggled to hold my boat close to the lock wall but managed to retain reasonable control as the water level rose.

Once through the lock and into the basin I made my way past Glasson Marina and into the Glasson Branch which leads to the Lancaster Canal. I was looking for a gap among the many barges moored along the towpath side so that I could moor up, lower my mast and settle down for the night. There was just one small space left close to the first bridge where I thankfully tied up.

I lowered my mast then got out my cockpit tent from its stowage in the bows above the buoyancy compartment and erected it. My clothing is also stowed in the bows in nets hanging from the deckhead. My kitchen comprises a methylated camping stove in a biscuit tin, various knives and openers, all housed in a plastic box stowed in one of the trotter boxes which extend beneath the cockpit seats. My victuals are stowed in another plastic box stowed in the other trotter box. There are two small compartments beneath the cabin floor where my water supply is stored in plastic bottles. This also acts as additional ballast when underway. There are also two small captive shelves beneath the port and starboard windows which I use to store a batteryoperated LED light, my radio, books, navigation gear and other odds and ends. The cabin has been described as a den but with extra height built into the design of the 'E' type there is sitting headroom throughout.

Piel Castle.



After a cup of tea I took a walk round Glasson Basin past the barge folk gathered in a circle to enjoy an evening singalong. The basin has a marina on one side with barges and other craft moored up on the towpath side. There are a number of pubs providing food and accommodation.

I slept peacefully that night wedged between the keel box and the starboard bulkhead with my feet sticking into the trotter box which extends beneath the cockpit seats. I sleep on a floor cushion between a double folded sheet and have an open sleeping bag as a cover. I also extend to the luxury of a pillow. I went to sleep thinking that I would need assistance to pass through the six locks in the Glasson Branch before entering the Lancaster Canal.

On Sunday morning, June 6, I awoke to the sound of quacking ducks. There were grey skies and a forecast for rain later. I sat enjoying my breakfast of muesli and bananas when two barges approached from the Glasson Basin. I asked if they were going through the locks and would they mind if I went through with them. They readily agreed, provided there was room. I thought I'd won the lottery.

Quickly stowing everything away, taking down my cockpit tent, starting the engine and letting go the lines, I was soon underway after the two barges which were by then out of sight. I caught up with them at the first lock where they were side by side, beckoning for my bows to lie between their sterns. They held onto my pulpit whilst their wives closed the gate with only a foot or so to spare behind my stem.

I'm indebted to Eric on *Helmsman* and Jeff on *Jimmy Fresh* and their wives who operated all the six locks. I did seek advice on how to handle the locks on my own and was advised to fit lots of fenders, tie up on, say, the left side and open one sluice gate on the same side. This, I'm told, allows water to flow to the opposite side of the lock keeping the boat pinned to the wall. I shall try it next time.

Once having entered the Lancaster Canal I bade farewell to my companions and turned north toward Galgate where I spent the night. It had been raining the best part of the day so I decided to take advantage of the BW facilities at Galgate and have a shower, get into some dry clothes, and spend the rest of Sunday alongside at Galgate. I enjoyed a stroll into Galgate, bought some milk and a Sunday paper at the local Spar shop and after a look round the town returned to the boat. That night I enjoyed a meal of rice, tuna and sweet corn cooked in a single pan on my meths stove in no time at all.

Pressing on I was soon passing over The Lune Aqueduct. This grand structure, built using local stone, was designed by Rennie and opened in 1797. It stands on wooden piles sunk deep into the river bed and is 51' (15.5m) above the River Lune and it is 664' (202m) long. There was a canal passenger boat parked on the aqueduct with tourists taking pictures of the river below.

I journeyed on passing through Hest Bank. This is where the canal is closest to the sea and there are some splendid views across Morecambe Bay and towards the Lake District Fells. On to Bolton-le-Sands where I tied up at the jetty behind the Royal Hotel to make a reservation for later in the week. My wife was planning to join me at Carnforth the next day and it had been agreed that we would go B & B for that period. I pressed on to Carnforth and on arrival stopped at Nu-Way



Lady Lynda bedded down on the canal.



Friendly bargemen on the canal.



The canal is becoming a bit overgrown.

Journey's end haulout at Carnforth.



Acorn Marina to make arrangements to park my car and trailer and to recover my boat using their slipway later in the week. There is a charge of £15 for this.

It was now late afternoon and raining in Carnforth so after stretching my legs on the towpath and using the BW facilities I set off for Tewitfield. This section of the canal is very quiet and peaceful but somewhat

overgrown in parts. The bank undergrowth encroaches well into the canal and the boat has to push its way through the plants and weeds. There always seemed to be enough depth of water but then my boat only draws 7" with the plate up. I made Tewitfield later that evening and proceeded to erect my cockpit tent as the rain continued relentlessly. I settled down; got the kettle on and prepared my meal, which was basically a pot mess of tinned vegetables and meat cooked in a single pan. Delicious, I might add.

The next day I had a look round the canal basin. There are BW facilities available and alongside the canal is the Longlands Hotel, which offers food and accommodation. A new marina has recently been opened and there are apartments as part of the complex. There is no slipway here, the nearest is at Carnforth.

After breakfast on Tuesday, June 8, I left Tewitfield for Carnforth, arriving about 1100h. I left my boat at Nu-Way Acorn Marina and caught the train from Carnforth to Ulverston where I live. My intention was to collect my wife, car and trailer, travel back to Carnforth and spend the next two days on the canal with my wife. This we did and apart from the weather, which was windy and cold, we enjoyed ourselves, finally recovering the boat in Carnforth on Thursday, June 8 and returning to Ulverston.

(A license is required to enter the canal system and this is obtained from British Waterways (BW) at www.britishwaterways.co.uk. Short term licenses are issued for a day, a week or a month and there is a 30-day explorer license which allows you to pick the days you want to be on the canal. You can also purchase a key which gives you access to the toilets and shower facilities. BW sells a guide book for the Lancaster Canal and this is a must if you want to get the most out of your time on it. It includes diagrams of the canal, gives distances between towns with information on places of interest, locations of slipways, pubs and facilities.

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Editor Comments: Member Ted Jones has asked why we have not published something about the West Wight Potter despite having 12 of them amongst our DCA membership. He went on, "I've always admired the West Wight Potter. Perhaps it's the jaunty lines. Perhaps it's the apparent ease of keeping it ashore, trailering it to the coast, launching and rigging it. But whatever it's attractions I've neither owned nor sailed in one. I looked back through the Bulletins to see how many articles I could find about their sailing qualities in coastal waters rather than lakes and couldn't find any."

Ted has a lot of very specific questions so I bundled them up and sent them out to our Potter owners and one, Bruce Longstaff, replied quickly and positively and his review, prefaced by Ted's questions, is printed herewith. Ted asks:

How much can you stow aboard?

The cabin looks as if it is all bunks with no footwell (so sitting inside on bunks means "knees under chin" position?) and very little stowage so where do clothing, food, water and sleeping bags actually go?

Is there room for a Porta-Potti? Or is it bucket and chuck it only? And where does the bucket stow? From pictures I saw there doesn't look much room even for that.

How about cooking aboard? Where does the cooker stow and can it be used when underway?

On wet or wind-bound days, can you live in the cabin or are you only able to sit properly in the cockpit, courtesy of a boom tent?

There are so many questions like this. On paper, it looks like the ideal DCA boat. Surely someone should be able to write eloquently about them?

Bruce responds: The West Wight Potter has a history of getting on for 50 years. The first design was based on the two features of being able to tow with a Mini, the 850cc BMC product which appeared in 1959, and to be launched over a beach. The designer was Stanley Smith FRGS, an Isle of Wight boat builder.

Pictured is an original boat, #72, on an original trailer, owned by Gordon Smith in Dorset. You can see the hard chine and the

The West Wight Potter

By Bruce Longstaff
Reprinted from the

Dinghy Cruising Association Bulletin #208

curiously set forward end of the cabin, designed to keep water away from the cockpit. Noticeable too is the sinusoidal curve of the gunwale. This helps the hull deal with following seas. Dimensions were about 14' overall with a draught of only a few inches. This hull has the original feature of a lift-off cabin top giving the benefit of an open boat. Coach bolts hold the top in place.

Over the next few years there were several builders in Great Britain leading to a couple hundred boats, including further versions built in GRP by different people. Add to that perhaps 2,000 14 and 15 footers in the USA built by HMS Marine, and some US craft called WW Potter at 18' and 19' overall which had a completely different hull form. Various rigs were used; lug, gunter, Bermudan and a few have been altered to junk rig.

Designs have been allocated letters, B, C, D and NOVA (all GRP) and, as far as I know, apart from the AX, only one other wooden type, labeled E. This last only led to a very few hulls. In the early 1990s, Martin Pook developed the AX Potter, taking the lines from an original. This was built in epoxy-resin Finnish birch ply. It is slightly longer and wider than the originals, drawing 7" with the plate raised.

My boat, *Ursa Minor*, is pictured. She is just over 15' LOA, with a beam of 5'6". Weight is around 650lbs/296kilos unladen.

Many Potterers camp aboard, either on the trailer when ashore or afloat. There is room for two bed spaces. Stowage in the GRP boats is not as great as in the AX which has 5 cockpit lockers. I keep only light items in those lockers when underway; Potters sail better with weight forward. Headroom is

probably about 4'6" in at the cabin entrance. Use can be made of netting or hook stowage secured to various parts of the structure. Mine arrived with the entire cabin lined in carpet which has proved durable. I installed a Porta-Potti in the cabin. It is demountable and backs onto the main bulkhead just inside the cabin doorway. The boat is Bermuda rigged with a roller foresail and a ghosting genoa. A steel lifting centre plate is present on all WW Potters.

As we all do, I have added things; navigation lights, air vent forward, harness clip-ons, a folding step on the transom just above the water line, a 4hp longshaft outboard on a pantograph, a tiller damper and a lunch anchor, a boom tent using one square 6'x4' eyelet-ed square of plastic sheeting from a well-known motor store secured with elastic strops. She lives on a road trailer at home. The mast sits on top of the cabin with a crutch on the trailer towbar and the boom stows inside the cabin. Rigging is easily (and better) done single-handed from the cockpit. It is quite easy to drop the mast for passage under bridges.

I have had many adventures on all kinds of waters in southern England, Solent, Chichester, Poole, Tamar, Helford, South Hams and Norfolk Broads. The fairly solid design has seen me through various moments of concern though performance could never be described as snappy. Stanley Smith said that his designs were for maximum stability and that the boat ought not to be allowed to heel more than 10°. He did sail a Potter on delivery to Sweden from Yarmouth in October, 1965, which included a 5-day F9 gale, going ashore at Jutland, recovering and continuing a few days later. His first epic was a 44-day Atlantic crossing in a 20' boat, built with his brother in a church basement, from Newfoundland in 1949.

So far as I have been able to find out, the plans for Potters have never been offered for home-build. As a postscript there is the Brazilian Potter. Martin Pook's design is the basis (see following article "Walney Island to Lancaster Canal"). A web search will produce many references

An original boat, #72 on an original trailer.



The Author's AX version, *Ursa Minor*



Editor Comments Further:

Graham Perry was approached but did not have the time to write anything on the Potter as he was putting together his "Walney Island to Lancaster Canal" article (which follows on these pages). He did supply this copy of a leaflet produced (some time ago) for the WWP Association membership by its secretary at the time, Bob Lomas, reprinted herewith:

The West Wight Potter, a boat that originated in a western corner of the Isle of Wight, in which one could potter, was designed and originally built by third generation boatbuilder and designer, Stanley Smith, who, in the early '50s, made fame by twice sailing the Atlantic in another of his small boat designs, the second time to celebrate the Festival of Britain in 1951.

Stanley Smith's criteria for the Potter was a boat that could be easily towed by a Morris Minor, could be stored in the garage, and would be seaworthy enough to take any seas the Solent had to offer. In his design the latter was more than adequately catered for, as proved when he sailed one of his early Potters from the Isle of Wight to its new owner in the north of Sweden, crossing the North Sea in gale force winds one cold October. Since then, Potters have sailed the Pacific Ocean and the rough seas around Alaska.

The original Potters were made of wood. Later models, the B, C and D types, were in GRP. About 300 Potters were built in

The West Wight Potter

By Bob Lomas

the UK, production ceased in the late '80s. In the USA some 1,500 have been produced.

The West Wight Potter Association was formed in February, 1995, and within a year had over 60 members. Some members have had their Potters over 20 years, and some have had several Potters, other boats having been tried, only to be replaced with another Potter.

The Veteran of the Fleet is *Watermouse*, #3, a wooden boat owned by Mr. & Mrs. Brian McClellan. Over the past 20 years the McClellans have trailered and sailed *Watermouse* many hundreds of miles to venues throughout Britain.

The West Wight Potter can be compared to no other boat. She is quite unique, a very versatile and very personal little craft that will take her owner safely across a marshy lake or an ocean, and between voyages can rest on the drive or on the lawn. She is admired and respected by experienced sailors: what boat could be cheaper to run? What boat could be more fun to sail?

The West Wight Potter Association is as simple and unassuming as the boat itself. The Association was founded in a Sussex

kitchen in February, 1995, and by the end of its first year had attracted a membership of about 60 very nice people who admire and favour the Potter and, in order to communicate with likeminded souls, are happy to put their names on a membership list. There are no officers as such, only a co-ordinator who assumes the role of general secretary, having founded the Association. In this regard, each member may call himself president or chairman to lift his spirits on days when the weather is too inclement to sail his Potter; this automatically limits all such members from over-indulging in delusions of grandeur.

Approximately four times a year a Newsletter is sent to members who wish to receive one, for which there is a nominal charge; otherwise membership is free, but donations are always acceptable. It has been learned from good authority, (mainly those involved), that Potterers tend to contact one another through the membership list, and meet up on occasions either to put liquid under them, or in them, or both. Within the Association, ideas are freely exchanged, and for those proud to show the flag, pennants and badges are available.

You do not have to own a Potter to be a member of the Association; we are particularly interested in recruiting members who own large and luxurious yachts, to which we can tie up for parties before sailing back to the peace and tranquility of a mud creek!

It may be thought that I am in favour of people making long passages in small boats. In fact this is not quite so. When I hear of a successful crossing of the Atlantic in a very small boat I am delighted (Paul Johnson, *Venus*; John Riding, *SjoAg*; Robert Manry, *Tinkerbelle*). It pleases me that they usually receive an enthusiastic welcome ashore. But at the same time I think there may be a tendency on the part of some people to say, "If tiny boats like these can cross oceans, what's all this time-worn stuff about the terrors of the deep?" The sea can indeed be terrible. It has terrified me, at any rate, on numerous occasions in my life.

It is a fallacy to imagine that, because the safety of the land is near when out for an afternoon's sail, this nearby security will be quickly attained should things begin to go wrong. It may be a dangerous, and sometimes fatal, false comfort to compare the situation of a tiny boat in a howling gale a thousand miles from the nearest lee shore, to that of oneself in a much larger boat one mile from your own harbour entrance. The offshore man may well be blissfully asleep. You'd better not sleep! It is a fact that the sea claims almost all her victims because the shore is there to trap them.

I believe many "big-ship" men have a painfully ingrown impatience of the very small boats which put out to sea in ever-increasing numbers. I think they feel these boats (and the people in them) are insulting the sea their own hard-won experience has taught them to respect. This lack of respect probably hurts the "big-ship" man more particularly if he is unaware that many of the small boats are the result of long years of hard won knowledge and development. I sympathize with his views, but I would hate to have to admit they are invariably justified.

A Presumptuous Lecture

By Stanley T. Smith

My enthusiasm fails me when I hear of some ambitious voyage to be undertaken by people, hair-raisingly flaunting their inexperience. I sincerely hope that they will not come to grief, but I also hope they will not succeed. Their success might tempt more people to "dare the sea". Definitely a short-term hobby!

Long passages in small boats should be made only after long consideration. The boat must be trustworthy, the equipment well-chosen, the confidence of the crew well-founded. Tips On Handling, Your Potter

I designed the Potter at the very outset with leisurely pottering in mind as the boat's sole purpose. She is under-canvased by many people's standards. Generally, however, I sleep at nights!

The Potter's sections were designed for maximum initial stability, and she should not be allowed to heel more than about 10°. If she does, her sections will not allow an increase in speed, rather they will impede her. Also, her peak of stability is exceeded. In all ways the boat handles beautifully in reasonable conditions, fast and exhilarating in a fresh breeze, close-winded and hard to get into irons. At about Force 6 one should consider reefing. She handles well and remains dry with full foresail and reefed main. Downwind in these conditions a jib is not something to fear, although of course, one must beware of overconfidence.

If one is caught out in over Force 6 she can be handled and even brought through the wind with reefed main alone. But this needs careful handling and experience, particularly if the wind is unsteady.

When all fails and the boat can only be taken downwind, it is sometimes a comfort to know that she can be sailed onto a beach! I am alive because the Potter draws a mere 7" with the swinging plate and rudder up!

In light airs, the best tip I can give you is to have her listing slightly to leeward. The lee chine will do a good job of gripping the water and help you up to windward. Never have your sails penned in hard in any conditions.

I have always found the boat goes better, and performs properly, with weight in the cabin. Never be afraid to load her with gear and equipment. She was designed to carry masses of people and their gear. But do remember she will be badly handicapped if this is placed too far aft. The forward third of the lee chine must be allowed to do its job.

A light 14' centreboard boat can only be a freak if you can tramp about the foredeck without fear of turning her over. Be careful. If you have others on board and need to go forward on deck, see that they move well aft in the cockpit so that the stable sections aft can do their job.

Remember always that the Potter is a 14' centreboard dinghy with a cabin. Sail her with your mainsheet free to let run, pass it under the cleat at the aft end of the case by all means, but do not make it fast unless you are very sure of the conditions. Keep the plate down always when you are on boat unless circumstances definitely dictate otherwise. If you do have it up in such circumstances, never forget that it is up, and let it down again without fail when circumstances allow.

Most of the cruises I made in my 20 years of sailing on Fishers Island Sound were made in my 23' Pearson Ensign. However, I owned another boat, a 10½' O'Day sailing dinghy that I sailed when weather conditions directed. If the wind blew 18kts through 20kts it was too strong for single handing the Ensign on Fishers Island Sound so I took an inshore route in my dinghy. She is a sloop but has the capability of becoming a catboat by moving the mast forward and dropping the jib.

This is the arrangement I rigged for this day with an 18kt wind from the east/southeast. My dinghy is stored on the East Beach of Groton Long Point, Connecticut. All I have to do is rig her and pull her down the beach until I'm in the water, then I'm off. This summer day I started early for I was planning a relatively long trip (for a 10' dinghy!) up the Mystic River to the village of Mystic, Connecticut. It is approximately ten miles round trip.

I left home and walked down Middle Field St to the beach. I carried an apple for lunch and a container of water. The beach at that hour was deserted so I had the whole launch area to myself. The beach faces east so I'd have a close reach to the river entrance and pretty much a reach from there on into Mystic. I might have to take a hitch on the first leg because, without a jib, I couldn't point as high. Oh well, I had the whole day in front of me so I felt I was not to worry.

I started off toward West Cove in water that was shallow and marked foul on the Nautical Charts but this was to give me no trouble as my centerboarder drew less than 3'. West Cove is in Noank, Connecticut, the next small fishing village east of Groton Long Point. It is the port for recreational as well as commercial fishermen. This morning I had to dodge a couple of lobster boats rushing to get out to their fishing grounds in Fishers Island Sound before someone else beat them to it.

Noank is also the location of Spicers Marina, home to a large number of recreational sailors and power boaters and where I keep my Ensign over the winter. As I sailed through Spicers' mooring field comprised of some four to five acres I saw, like at home, no one on the Groton Town beach to port. I guess there are few early morning swimmers these days. For an hour or two of relaxed day-sailing almost despite the weather, I frequently sail my dinghy to West Cove. There is a breakwater halfway across the mouth of the cove that keeps out the worst of the weather. I enjoy seeing all the different types of boats and their crews getting ready to take off or just returning from an afternoon on the water.

I had to alter my course after leaving West Cove and Morgan Point to port. The main boat channel runs between the mooring field to the west and Morgan Point, a peninsula, to the east. The little lighthouse, actually a home on Morgan Point, no longer functions as one. I had to take a hitch or two to the east in order to take me to the entrance to Mouse Island, a small rocky islet separating West Cove from the entrance to the Mystic River. Mouse Island is separated from the mainland by a narrow stretch of shallow water about 50 yards across. Since I have a centerboarder and draw so little water I use it as a quicker way to get to the Mystic River and points east rather than going outside and around the island.

So do the residents of the three firmly rooted cottages on the island, keeping their dinghies in slips on the west shore of Morgan Point. There is a sandy reef at the northern

20 Years of Cruising on Fishers Island and Long Island Sounds

Part 8

Cruise to Mystic, Connecticut

By Lionel Taylor

end of the island that I had to traverse. As it was half tide, I approached the area with caution. As I remembered, there was less than 3' of water across the opening. Exactly how much I couldn't be sure. Even though I could pull up my centerboard to reduce my draft, I still had to leave enough down so I could sail through. The last time I went through I favored the right side of the bar and made it easily. This time I bumped a little but made it over without grounding.

Mouse Island has no bridge to access it, one has to come by water. This makes for a quiet private abode for the residents. It has its disadvantages, however. There was no electricity then, no well or fresh water pipeline, garbage collection, newspaper delivery, or ambulance service in case someone got sick, so some of the things we all take for granted had to be procured ashore. One was on his own on Mouse Island! I had to take another hitch in order to get out from between the island and Morgan Point but once I was in the channel it was clear sailing for the entrance to the Mystic River.

In 1665 this region was named Mystic after the Pequot "missi-tuk" which means a big river driven into waves by the tides. River traffic at this time of the morning wasn't heavy so I had time to take a good look at the old lighthouse on the tip of Morgan Point and the flashing green light on the riprap that officially marked the entrance to the Mystic River. Instead of following the winding channel north, I cut across the Noank Shipyard mooring field leaving red Nun N-6 to port and set a course of 030 degrees for Sixpenny Island on the west side of the river. The river divides Noank to port and Mason's Island to starboard and is lined with marinas, boat yards, mooring fields, and boat slips. The chart indicated that there was 3' of water outside the channel at low tide which I knew would give me no problem to traverse.

I passed Abbott's Lobsters to port, a riverside restaurant that is popular with the tourists. The restaurant is open full-time during the mid-summer and then only open on weekends after Labor Day. Abbott's is located in the small village of Noank where narrow streets abound. This creates a problem for many of the residents as tour busses driving to Abbott's block the streets of the town causing traffic jams. Complaints generated a law that allowed only certain size buses along the streets leading to Abbott's and the Mystic Shipyard. This still didn't satisfy every resident living on those streets. They wanted all buses off these streets before Labor Day. Of course, Abbott's felt, rightly so, that this was a constraint against their doing business and why should busses be the only target when large trucks delivering to residents and businesses also blocked the streets. The brouhaha was going on when I made the cruise and is still going on today.

The Amtrak railroad tracks to Boston and Washington are very much in evidence on the west side of the river. Behind those to

port is the entrance to Bebee Cove, a sweet little bay that is now cut off from the Mystic River for sailboats and larger power boats which can't fit under the trestle. It must have been pretty before the railroads came.

As I approached Sixpenny Island I had to return to the narrow channel to avoid going aground on the shoals surrounding it, as I had done in a previous trip. It was no big deal then as all I had to do was raise the centerboard and push off with a paddle to be underway again. Traffic in the channel was heavy as power boats had now gotten underway for the fishing grounds in Fishers Island Sound and the Race. My little dinghy was tossed around by the rough water from their wakes and I was glad to see the river open up enough for me to leave the channel and return to the more shallow water.

Admiring the houses, I passed Willow Point to port and the approach to the railroad bridge over the Mystic River. The Mystic Railroad Bridge opens for boat traffic on demand except when a train is expected. I arrived at an expeditious time as the swing bridge, the railroad trestle, was already open. Traveling under the bridge is quite an experience for a small boat captain. The wind was light and I just hoped I had enough boat speed to get me through before another Boston or Washington train approached and the bridge would have to close before I made it through. As I passed under and through the formidable structure I was dwarfed by the size and weight of the bridge supports and superstructure.

I was relieved when I came out on the Mystic side of the bridge. There fortunately had been no boat traffic coming up or down the river and I had the channel all to myself. The channel itself is 20' deep, 74'6" wide, but it shoals quickly at the edges. No trouble there even if I had to take a hitch to make it to the Mystic River bascule car and pedestrian bridge ahead. The center clearance is 18'8" and since my mast height is 16'-17', I didn't want to take the chance of getting stuck underneath. I had to wait until the bridge opened.

This happens May-October at 40 minutes past the hour from 7:40am to 6:40pm and on demand at other times with an average opening time of five minutes. Looking at my watch I saw that I had half hour until opening time. I reasoned that that should be enough time for me to sail there before the opening. Anyway, I had my paddle if the wind died or moved ahead so I shouldn't have a problem. There were a few sailboats and a powerboat ahead of me already and I had to let them go through first.

Along the eastern shore of the river off my starboard side and just below the bridge is Mystic River Park. It had recently been constructed on the former Cottrell business property, where I used to purchase most of my hardware needs, and sports a grassy lawn with benches, flowers, bathrooms, and a complimentary dinghy (up to 14') dock. To the port side was the yacht *SV Valiant* which is part of the Steamboat Inn and Condominiums, having five luxurious staterooms.

With a wave to the Mystic River Bridge attendant I passed through without having to use my paddle to the cheers of the tourists awaiting the opening of the bridge on Main St above. Along Mystic's East and West Main Street on either side of the bridge there are many local shops and eateries housed in rebuilt and refurbished 18th and 19th century buildings.

Directly above the bridge on the starboard side was the S&P Oyster Company

Restaurant with gardens and a lawn that runs right down to the river. A dock there is the home of the Mystic Seaport Water Taxi that takes visitors to the Mystic Seaport Museum and occasional transient boats. To the port side were docks and moorings belonging to local residents including what appeared to be an elegant Crosby catboat. From here and all the way up to the Seaport on the western side of the river are the large and luxurious homes of Mystic residents.

Going up the river I met and passed the 1908 coal-fired steamboat *Sabino* going down to the bridge on a river cruise with her visitors aboard. To starboard and next to the south docks was the Museum's Henry B. DuPont Preservation Shipyard where I spent many volunteer hours working on the maintenance and repair of the Seaport's many

wooden boats. I belonged to a group of about 15 Seaport volunteers called the Gung-Ho Squad that worked on Saturdays during the off season. The work was hard and strenuous and I was always glad when the late afternoon quitting time came around. My lasting memory of working there is of lying on the cold ground under a boat scraping and painting its bottom.

The wind continued to hold and I decided to take a look at the Seaport from the river for the second time I've visited on the water. On the starboard side, I ogled two of the training ships; the 61' *Brilliant*, Olin Stevens' great design, the 1882 *Joseph Conrad*, and the visitors favorite, the *Charles W. Morgan*, the last wooden whaling ship.

After the passing the authentic 19th century seafaring village and the North Docks,

I could see my favorite volunteering spot as a writer: the Blunt White Library. I came there after spending three to four years with the Gung-Ho Squad when I found I was having trouble getting up and down from under those pulling boats I was scraping and painting. The Seaport has some wonderful people working there but the Blunt White Library staff under Paul O'Pecko is undoubtedly the best. Knowing little about library procedures I was kindly and patiently brought along until I could help answer visitor enquiry letters and do chores like indexing and basic research.

It was now early afternoon and time for me to think about starting down the river for home. The wind and tide was basically behind me and the opening of the bascule bridge would soon be occurring. It had been another delightful cruise on Fishers Island Sound and up the Mystic River.

As a General Motors retiree I live on a little river in Michigan. Occasionally at night I'll glimpse a boat's running lights winking through the shoreline trees. I find them peaceful and reassuring, unlike another set of long ago running lights which sent a panic through my soul as I ran frantically through the dark.

It was in the summer of '43 and I was a naive 17-year-old who had left home to find a summer job on the ore boats plying the Great Lakes. These ships carried iron ore from the Mesabi Range in northern Minnesota down to the steel mills in Gary, Indiana, Detroit, and other industrial areas. Though I had never been away from home before, I loved ships and as a hayfever sufferer I sought to escape the terrible summer heat and ragweed pollen of the Midwest. I had never been on an ore boat before but the prospects of long cruises was exciting.

I had been waiting in a shipping hiring hall in South Chicago where seamen were assigned to their ships. For days I listened for my name to be called. Engineers, helmsmen, and others came and went but there seemed little call for deck seamen. I spent the nights sleeping on the hall's hard green wooden benches and the days living on White Castle hamburgers using my last few dollars. Finally, late into the fifth night the man called out, "Schneider, there's a boat in for you in Gary, the *William B. Schiller*. She's at the US Steel dock now. Go to Gate 8."

"How do I get there?"

"There's a bus on the corner."

It was nearly midnight. Grabbing my seabag I clattered down the wooden stairs out onto the street still hot from the day's sun. My first scare came when the driver asked for 40 cents fare. I had only 20 cents left. Finally, a kind passenger came up with two dimes and the bus grunted ahead, reaching the steel mills 45 minutes later. A bright red glare from roaring blast furnaces filled the sky. I swung off the bus and rushed to Gate 8. "I'm here for the *William B. Schiller*, I quaked to the guard.

He pulled back the gate and glanced over his shoulder. "You may be a little late."

Panic filled me. I had no idea where I was. Home was far away and my parents had no phone. The terrifying prospect of being left abandoned in this strange dark netherworld with no money in the middle of the night galvanized me. Seabag on my shoulder,

Running Lights

By Donald Schneider



I raced across the pitch black steel yard in the direction the guard had pointed. I ran blindly, tripping over the myriad railroad tracks snaking through the yard. I ducked past flat cars loaded with glowing cherry red ingots which cracked and snapped as they cooled emitting intense heat. Glaring headlights of yard locomotives blinded me, their airhorns shrieking. The intense acrid smell of molten metal stung my nostrils and my pounding heart seemed louder than the booming inferno surrounding me. I had to make that boat.

Finally, after a half-mile of running, my chest heaving, legs hardly working, I reached the dock. The boat was gone! I looked out in horror to see her lights moving down the river. Throwing my bag down on the cement seawall, I screamed out the only nautical term I knew, "Ahoy, *Schiller*!"

Above the wash of her slow turning propeller I heard a muffled exclamation. Slowly, the big 600' long ship churned to a stop, then with a foaming surge at her stern she backed toward me. I almost wet my pants in relief. Her stern loomed above me and on it the form of a man was silhouetted against the sky's red glare. A line and rope ladder tumbled down. I tied my seabag to the line and it disappeared. Clutching the ladder, I climbed, bumping against the ship's rusty plates, and rolled gratefully onto the deck. Someone showed me to my bunk and dazed with fatigued I collapsed on it in relief.

A hand grabbed my shoulder. I looked up into the angry face of a man who turned out to be the third mate. "Get up kid, you're going to change the rudder chain." I blinked

at him wonderingly. "Yeah," he growled, "we hit the rudder when we picked you up, stretched the chains... can't start until they're replaced." He glared at me. "You caused it, now you're going to fix it. C'mon!"

Rubbing fatigue from my eyes, I followed him down long ladders descending into the bowels of the ship. (Later I was to learn he had misdirected the helmsman when the ship backed up. The strong odor of bourbon surrounding him could have had something to do with it.) Finally, we made our way through the steamy engine room into the dimly lit propeller shaft alley. There the giant steam driven chains that controlled the rudder lay in long grease filled troughs that entered tunnels aft.

The third mate handed me a huge wrench, a light on an extension cord and, pointing back into the dark stern recess told me which chain to replace. I climbed into the trough onto the chain slathered in black grease and graphite and on my stomach inched my way back to the damaged section. The temperature seemed 100° and the hot, turgid air was difficult to breathe. Lying almost face down, sickened by the sour smell of grease, I loosened the heavy bolts to free the 8' section of chain. Then almost swimming in lubricant, I edged back up the trough, straining to pull the 200lb chain with me. Then dragging the replacement chain, I crawled back into the pit, re-bolted it, and worked my way back.

It was done. Wiping grease from my wristwatch, I saw it was 2:30am. I had already worked an hour since boarding the *Schiller*. I looked at the third mate who jerked a thumb over his shoulder and grunted, "Okay." After wearily climbing back up the long ladders, I reached my bunk where I threw away my grease-sodden clothes, showered, and fell into my bunk almost unconscious.

It seemed only a minute had passed when someone was shaking me awake. It was morning. I could feel the tremor of the engine. I donned jeans and a shirt from my seabag and stepped out on deck. I was stunned by the beauty surrounding us. We were far out on the sunny lake, sparkling blue water in every direction. I drank in deeply of the fresh, cool pollen-free air. Despite the preceding nightmare, everything was wonderful. I was where I wanted to be and I looked forward to my new life with enthusiasm.

The International Scene

Offshore oilfield work is hard but lucrative, fishing pays off, and LNG is a coming area, but don't expect great profits from shipping in the next two years, predicted one expert.

Seafarers are subject to greater penalties than pirates, at least that is true in the European Union. The master of the *Pres-tige* (a tanker that broke in half 250 miles at sea and spilled its oil onto Spanish beaches) was prosecuted harder than any pirate in the last 50 years. He was detained for three months and then released on a "provisional" bail of €3m (\$4m). That sum is greater than pirates get for simply keeping hostages for same amount of time! Now the EU and NATO navies advise that they will not even try to help a ship that has been boarded by pirates, and they even advocate non-resistance.

Over 50 years ago, New Zealand decided to ban visits by US naval vessels because the US government would not state whether nuclear weapons were or were not on board. The US Navy's official position now is that it has no military requirement for ship visits but would consider participation in naval exercises. But a message released by Wiki Leaks revealed that a top ranking United States Navy commander privately admitted that the US had no reason to send any of its fleet to New Zealand anyway.

Thin Places and Hard Knocks

Ships sank: A rice barge did the bubbly act on the Saigon River in Ho Chi Minh City when hit by the container ship *Fortune Freighter*. The ship went on to damage nine more barges.

In the China Sea, the Vietnam-flagged container ship *Phu Tan* sank 110 miles west of Hainan Island's Sanya city. Two of a crew of 27 were saved.

The stone-carrying *Hung Cuc* 168, probably overloaded, was capsized and sunk by strong winds near the Minjiang Estuary in the East China Sea. Thirteen of 17 crewmen were saved.

The 6,800dwt ore-carrying freighter *Van Don-2* sank quickly in off Vietnam and 12 of the crew were rescued by fishermen but 11 more were missing.

The Korean trawler *In Sung No.1* (its bow says *No 1 In Sung*, however) sank in the Antarctica in 30 minutes while long-line fishing for toothfish. Twenty fishermen were rescued, five were dead, and 17 went missing. A company spokesman said the ship could have struck an iceberg or was hit by a giant wave.

In Chittagong's wreck-littered harbor in the dark of night, the 40' fishing trawler *Dwarkamal* ran into a jutting piece of wreckage in the W-1 Anchorage and sank. Three fishermen managed to swim for two hours until picked up by a passing tugboat. The other six swam in the chilly water for four hours and finally reached the coast at Navy Nagar. All eight fishermen came from the same village and villagers later helped them retrieve the sunken boat.

Ships ran aground: On Turkey's Mediterranean coast two Bolivian-flagged ships went ashore. The *Sea Bright* ran onto rocks off the popular resort city of Antalya while the *Rant* went ashore off the town of Adrasa southwest of Antalya. Most of the *Sea Bright's* crew was saved but the ship's cook jumped into the sea and drowned (in emergencies, cooks tend to do that).

Beyond the Horizon

By Hugh Ware

The 173m long Dutch cargo ship *Stadiongracht*, with a cargo of china clay from Brazil, ran aground near the town of Rauma on Finland's west coast. Damage was limited to ballast tanks and the crew of 17 patiently waited nearly a week for an Estonian tug to show up.

In Florida, the research vessel *Endeavour*, operated by the University of Rhode Island, ran aground on the St Johns River near the Navy base at Mayport.

The smallish (10,000dwt) ro-ro *Jolly Amaranto* had main engine failure during a passage from Malta to Alexandria. Extreme bad weather then caused the ship to list 30-40°, several containers went overboard, and inside cargo was damaged. A salvage contract was signed and the deep sea tug *Simoon* took the vessel in tow for Alexandria. There two local pilots were on board and three local tugs were in attendance, but the *Jolly Amaranto* veered off course anyhow and went hard aground between the roads and a quay. At the time the port was closed due to bad weather. Some reports state that the vessel took on water and capsized, sinking in the shallows.

Fires and explosions killed: Four Chinese sailors died when fire gutted the 1,400 ton Cambodia-flagged cargo ship *Yunxing* two miles from South Korea's southern port of Busan. The coast guard said the blaze might have been caused by a short circuit in the ship's galley.

Humans died: At sea near Houston a Ukrainian crewmember died on the Dutch cargo ship *Alexia*. The FBI is investigating whether the death was a murder or an accident, according to some American mass media there was a scuffle between two Ukrainians.

At Lyttelton in New Zealand, two crewmen on the cruise ship *Volendam* were doing something (what is not clear from contradictory reports) on a lifeboat when a wire snapped. Both men were not wearing lifejackets and both fell into the water. One survived by clinging to a bucket but the other man, who was wearing heavy clothing and boots, was seen to go under and did not reappear.

Gray Fleets

Brazil's new leftist government banned *HMS Clyde*, the 1,800 ton Falkland Islands protection vessel, from making a routine visit to Rio de Janeiro. Instead, it had to reroute to Chile. The snub was to demonstrate solidarity with Argentina's claim to the South Atlantic islands. In September, Uruguay refused to allow *HMS Gloucester* to carry out a routine visit to Montevideo.

The last of the US battleships, now swinging from a hook in Suisun Bay north of San Francisco, is looking for a permanent home and several California communities would like to have the *USS Iowa* as a war memorial. In 2005 San Francisco rejected the warship because of its association with the Iraq war and the military's ban on gays. Stockton, on a navigable river leading to Suisun Bay, failed the financial test. Vallejo would like to exhibit the vessel at the former

Mare Island Navy Yard but may lack enough money (\$2-3 million a year) to support it. Los Angeles wants the battleship and would place the *Iowa* at Berth 87, now used only six times a year when other cruise ship docks are occupied. No decision yet but one is looming just over the horizon.

Several years ago the executive officer of the carrier *USS Enterprise* thought that part of his duties was to increase crew morale by amusing them. He produced a series of raunchy, definitely non-PC videos, and most of the crew didn't seem to object to his broadcasts. Certainly the Commanding Officer never brought him to heel. Years later, several of the videos came to public attention and the XO, now paradoxically the CO of the *Enterprise*, was fired from his job. The CO at the time of the video showings is now a Rear Admiral and was about to retire. That retirement was deferred and he has been ordered to hang around while the circumstances surrounding the videos are investigated by the Navy.

The Royal Navy is down to just 11 submarines if you include the new *HMS Astute*, which is on sea trials when not running aground. The 11 can be compared with the fleet of 32 submarines back in 1982 at the time of the Falklands War. Present boats include four *Vanguard* class boats that carry Trident nuclear missiles, and *Trafalgar* and *Astute* class attack subs.

White Fleets

An elderly man seriously injured his neck while disembarking (probably from the *Emerald Princess*, although no name was provided) and the company was quick to point out that he fell "ashore in Bonaire... while stepping ashore." In other words, technically he wasn't on its ship. He needed an air ambulance to the States.

A young man died by falling from the 14th deck of *MSC Orchestra* while it was anchored in Brazilian waters. The company stated, "He was rescued from the sea, but succumbed to his injuries and died," and considered that the man had placed himself in a "situation of high risk and dangerousness."

About 30 passengers were hurt and several public spaces were torn up when the *Brilliance of the Seas* hit rough weather while en route to Alexandria.

A US Coast Guard helicopter lifted a 13-year-old and his mother off the *Jewel* near Cape Hatteras, North Carolina. He had a suspicious appendix that needed attention.

Similarly, an infant and her mother were flown off the *Gem* 245 miles south of Cape Lookout, North Carolina. The baby girl was suffering from upper respiratory tract infection and respiratory distress.

A Puerto Rican may have jumped off the *Liberty of the Seas*, possibly to his death, in the early hours of morning while the ship was at Belize.

Last November's electrical fire on the *Carnival Splendor* off Mexico's Baja California must have been more serious than first believed. The company added cancellation of five more sailings to nine earlier cancellations. Unexpected damage and the need to have parts made in Europe were cited as causes.

Go Back and Forth

The Alaskan fast ferry *Chenega* rode out a sudden storm by anchoring for a night in a remote bay, then proceeded to Cordova. The trip took somewhat longer than the scheduled three hours 15 minutes and the 40 passengers

on board had to rough it since the ferry has no sleeping accommodations.

In the UK over the past year, extensive dredging has been carried out at the major cross-Channel ferry port of Ramsgate Harbour, but more work remains to be done with the next round not due to commence until February. Which is too bad, because high winds pushed the 14,458 ton ferry *Larkspur* aground on a mud bank while entering the port with passengers from Ostende in Belgium. The emergency standby tugboat *Nore Challenger* was dispatched to dislodge the ship and guide it into its berth.

A ferry collided with a cargo ship in Bangladesh, dumping 80 people into the Suma River. At least 37, mostly women and children, died.

In Malaysia, an overloaded boat (29 people on a vessel rated for 12) capsized about 300 metres from the Tanjung Leman jetty in Pulau Sibul and only 14 were rescued. The vessel had been coming to shore from a kelong (an offshore fishing platform on piles).

Two men were missing at night after the ferry they were travelling in capsized in the Thames. The small boat was carrying six passengers when it went over near Pharaoh's Island close to Shepperton.

Nature

The US Navy is serious about climate change with a rear admiral (the Navy's oceanographer) heading a 450-man staff. "We in the US Navy believe climate change is real. It's going to have big impacts, especially in the Arctic, which is changing before our eyes."

Nauru (pronounce it in three syllables) is a small island nation in the South Pacific Ocean, a solitary speck with a landmass of 8.1 square miles surrounded by a coral reef. It was originally a heap of phosphate (guano) created from seabird droppings, but almost all that has been mined off and shipped out and most areas now resemble the surface of the moon. During the phosphate mining era, Nauru had one of the highest per capita incomes in the world (families imported top-of-the-line speedboats as well as BMWs and Cadillacs which, given that Nauru only has 32km of driveable surface, were somewhat curious luxuries).

After the phosphate ran out, Nauru briefly became a tax haven and illegal money laundering center. From 2001 to 2008, it accepted aid from the Australian government in exchange for housing a center that held and processed those immigrants who had tried to enter Australia in an irregular manner. The nation's airline (Our Airline, formerly Air Nauru) is down from seven aircraft and an extensive route serving many islands to two Boeing 737s that serve only Fiji, Kiribati, the Solomon and Norfolk Islands as well as Australia. Unemployment now averages 90% and the nation survives on international aid.

Approximately 15,000 gallons of liquid animal fat flowed into the Houston Ship Channel where it solidified into multiple foot-long, growler-like beef tallow "patties." Clean-up workers soon scooped them out of the channel.

Metal-Bashing

Mammoet Salvage, part of Mammoet, the worldwide leader in heavy lifting and transport, will salvage 70 shipwrecks in Nouadhibou Bay, Mauritania, after the European Union made €28.8 million available for

their removal. The junk ships, ranging from 200 to 1,200 tons, form obstacles and hazards to shipping and are one reason local shipping has dropped off greatly in recent years.

Nasties and Territorial Imperatives

Shipping companies are ignoring official advice and routinely employ armed guards on ships sailing in pirate waters. It's far cheaper and far more effective than other anti-pirate means or paying a (typical) \$6 million ransom plus lawyers, bankers, and other middlemen whose costs may add another \$19 million. Then add on the loss of income as a pirated ship awaits a parachuted delivery of ransom cash.

But officialdom frowned on the practice of the Yemeni government, acting through at least two private companies, of renting out its coast guard vessels and crews as anti-pirate escorts, even though it was claimed that all proceeds accrued to the government. Since 2003 the US Coast Guard has delivered two dozen vessels to its Yemeni counterpart, and two larger "coastal protection boats" are scheduled for delivery this year. The US Coast Guard has also given extensive training to the Yemen Coast Guard's estimated 1,800 servicemen and 200 officers.

Chinese fishermen feel they can fish in South Korean waters, the South Korean Coast Guard disagrees, and things can get nasty. When two Korean patrol ships approached a Chinese trawler and tried boarding it, the Chinese crew started swinging iron pipes, shovels, and clubs; that injured four Koreans. Then the 62 ton Chinese boat bumped one of the 3,000 ton patrol ships and capsized, putting ten Chinese fishermen into the sea. Eight were rescued but the boat's 28-year-old captain died at a hospital after going into a coma and another Chinese fisherman was missing. The Korea Coast Guard dispatched six patrol ships and two helicopters to find the missing man, but failed.

Odd Bits

Two, perhaps three, Russian icebreakers (reports vary) tried to free ten vessels carrying 450-500 fishermen, scientists, and mariners trapped by ice on the Okhotsk Sea in northern Russia only 12 miles from the coast. The ice was up to 30cm (12") thick in some places. The minister assured families that the men are quite safe and said they have enough food, water, and medicines. There was good radio connection with all of the trawlers. The Russian port icebreaker *Magadan* failed to reach the trapped vessels and had to halt some four miles from the scene as temperatures in the region plunged to an all-time low. Arriving soon after were the *Admiral Makarov* and, later, the *Krasin*, both bigger, more powerful icebreakers. Initial attempts to free vessels failed and rescue efforts were resumed as this item is being written in mid-January.

Whatever the experience of those now trapped by ice, it will hardly match that of the crew of the Grimsby trawler *Sargon*, stuck in ice in the same region in the early 1920s over 80 years ago when most trawlers were not fitted with radio. The *Sargon* was officially given up as lost but appeared outside Grimsby docks one day; the crew had survived for at least 16 weeks on seal meat and the fish they had on board. Meanwhile, one of the "widows" had remarried; the wedding was later held to be valid because her first husband had been officially recorded as having perished.

The remains of the *USS Revenge*, a Baltimore-built schooner, have been discovered off the coast of Rhode Island. US Navy hero Oliver Hazard Perry (of "Don't give up the ship" fame) was in command of the *Revenge* in 1811 when it was wrecked while charting Rhode Island waters. The shipwreck was actually discovered back in August of 2005 by two civilian divers, but they only recently revealed the wreck and continued to investigate the wreckage in the meantime.

Transporting nickel ore is OK if you know what you are doing but it can sink ships. For example, last October the 45,107dwt *Jian Fu Star* capsized in rough seas off Taiwan and sank, killing 13; in November the 55,000dwt *Nasco Diamond* sank off Japan in calm weather, moderate wind, good visibility, and little rain and 21 died; and in December the 50,149dwt *Hong Wei* sank in Philippine waters, killing ten. A common factor in the three sinkings was excessive moisture content of the nickel ore when it was loaded. The moisture turned the ore into a slurry or liquid that sloshed around, shifting a ship's stability into nasty states such as extreme listing and the ship capsized or filled. It is possible that the *Van Don-2*, whose sinking was noted above, may have been carrying nickel ore.

It is sometimes hard to "translate" foreign news reports even when they are written in English. Here is one with creative language:

"A cement clinker-laden lighterage ship has been drowned at the outer anchorage of Chittagong port. The incident occurred around 6:45am on Saturday when another lighterage ship hit it. Port secretary Syed Farhad Uddin said the accident happened when the drowned ship, *Manik Mia 2*, was departing the port and *Abdullah Al Asif 1* from the opposition stroke it near 'B Anchorage.' No casualties, however, were reported so far."

In Alaska's Aleutian Islands, Dutch Harbor put money into its concerns about possible pollution from broken-down ships. Ships thread the Aleutians on the great circle route to the Far East. It created an Emergency Towing System that could be helicopter dropped onto a stricken ship and picked up by a tug. A second, heavier system was purchased and one of them was recently used when the bulkier *Golden Seas* lost its supercharger and could only proceed at three knots.

The tugboat *Smit Yallarm* was on a routine delivery voyage from its builders in Turkey to a customer in Gladstone, Australia, when it was asked to divert in response to a pan pan radio call. A fisherman was in a critical state and needed evacuation from his boat 280 kilometres northeast of Bundasberg in Queensland. But Australian Army helicopters didn't have sufficient range to handle a complete rescue. So one chopper picked up the sick man and delivered him to the tugboat, which then headed for shore at best speed. The second chopper met the tugboat at a rendezvous point near shore and took the sick man to a hospital.

Head-Shaker

A spur of the moment hovering of two US Navy helicopters about 70' above Lake Tahoe to take photos for the squadron's Facebook page caused the choppers, worth \$33 million, to sag without warning to the water. Luckily both aircraft were able to regain altitude and land nearby. There were no injuries to ten embarrassed crewmen, but damage to both helicopters totaled a whopping \$505,751. A video of the incident is available on YouTube.

Boatbuilding with Burnham

Pinky Schooner Ardella Takes Shape

Thursday January 6, 2011
Hitting the Ground Running

It seems that the post-holiday blues are nonexistent around the boatyard as the crew have been energized by the "coming soon, like "by the end of this week" next phase of the project, planking. Harold has been readying the steam box and he has some college-age fellows coming by to help out along with our very devoted regular crew of Chuck R, Bernie P., Dan T. Steve W. Zach T., and our new arrival Bruce of Gloucester whose wife kindly brought the crew some chicken soup for lunch. So, the place is energized as we get ready to begin planking. Come on by!



The scaffolding and staging is part of the challenge of boatbuilding in winter.



The scale of this boat is BIG. Standing under it gives a sense of its size!

Harold still at it here...but the bolt is in now.



Friday January 14, 2011
Digging Out and Getting Ready

We had over a foot of snow on Wednesday so besides digging out, Harold and the crew are getting ready to start planking. Harold was up in a nearby tree yesterday afternoon and when asked what he was doing up there, well, he was eyeing the sheer line and he has already started attaching thin battens to the frames and there is a real shape to the boat that the naked eye or passerby can clearly see.

Even though we are under a foot of snow, somehow spring does not seem so far off now and with the planking set to begin at the weekend or just after we are definitely turning a corner. Thankfully this last storm did not include high tides so the *Ardelle* is just snow covered but the crew can get around her. It is cold building a boat outside in the winter and thankfully we have a wood stove where everyone comes in for a mug up of coffee and lunch.

A lot of people have been bringing over soups, stews and chili for lunches to feed the crew. It is a great way to help out and we heat it up on the wood stove and presto! Apologies to the Fortune Palace (the local Chinese restaurant) for our becoming infrequent customers for the lunch specials but thanks to everyone who has brought us lunch!



The snow certainly makes work a little more challenging.

Thursday January 20, 2011
Winter Wonderland Shows
No Sign of Stopping



Chuck Redman makes the best of it.

Dan Tobyn has been busy photographing what has become a kind of winter wonderland around here. However, it would make work progress a bit faster if we didn't have to dig out every day! This is boatbuilding in January at its finest and in Essex it was always done outside so shipwrights are used to it, however they welcome their mug of coffee in front of the wood stove just the same.



Zach Teal, 15, has poured his time, energy and talent into this project.



Hopefully the snow won't stay in here permanently.

Wednesday January 26 A Look Around at Month's End

The Editor dropped in unannounced mid-week to find Harold sitting in the snow under the turn of the bilge hard at work fitting the port side garboard, clamp and sledge alternating to drive the plank into place. Steve Willard stood by to keep steam up in the steam box in an-

anticipation of the next plank in line. Steve said he had already written two sea chanties celebrating the schooner's rising and had given them there first public airing at a Gloucester pub.



Steve Willard stokes the steam box.



Harold fitting the portside garboard.

Essex wintertime boatbuilding at its finest under a steel gray sky in knee-deep snow.



We're announcing the opening of student applications for the 2011-2012 academic year at the Northwest School of Wooden Boatbuilding in Port Hadlock, WA. Classes will begin in October, 2011.

Our largest class ever is helping us celebrate our 30th anniversary up here on the Olympic Peninsula, 56 students are taking our 3 accredited boatbuilding classes this spring, with an additional 6 students taking the 3-month Sailmaking and Rigging class (for which we expect to complete accreditation in time for the 2011-2012 academic year).

The Sailmaking and Rigging Class will begin again in January, 2012 and continue through late March of that year. It is very much an experiential class in which students will learn the basic principles and hands-on techniques for designing and building sails and rigging as well as marine canvas. Sean Rankins and his instructional team will take their students through rig measuring, 2D plan design, concepts and principles of the 3D

New Season Starting at Northwest School of Wooden Boatbuilding

By Pete Leenhouts



The Boat School is at the water's edge in Port Hadlock, WA.



The School's mission, teach and preserve skills.

Contemporary: Caledonia sloop under construction.



Large craft: Rugged motorsailer under construction.

Sailmaking and Rigging: Hands at work.



design process, and then on to building the sails themselves. Hand stitching and machine work will all be covered in detail, as will the principles and development of rig design and the details involved in rig construction.

While it's been a wet winter for us, with plenty of snow in the Olympics, we are at capacity and looking forward to the opening of our new 6,300sf Jeff Hammond Shop in April, 2011, as well as the start of the contemporary Bob Perry designed 62' sailboat *Sliver*. Fundraising, too, continues for our new pier.

With 12 boats under construction right now ranging from 3 14' skiffs to a 26' traditionally-built H.C. Hanson- designed log tug, that's all good news!

Pete Leenhouts, Special Projects, The Northwest School of Wooden Boatbuilding, 42 N. Water St., Port Hadlock WA 98339, (360) 385-4948, www.nwboatschool.org (See us on Facebook at <http://www.facebook.com/NWBoatSchool>)



Small Craft: Classic Whitehall for owners in Boston, MA.

Bob Perry-designed *Sliver* will start construction Spring 2011.



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David and Purdy Foster.

Remembering Dave Foster

By Kevin Carney

"I had the unique opportunity to both learn from and work with Dave Foster, first as an apprentice in the Shop in Bath and later as one of several instructors working alongside him when the Shop moved to Rockland. I don't know what impressed me more about Dave, his knowledge and skill in boat building or the way he taught the craft he loved.

Dave never demanded respect but he commanded it. He was a walking encyclopedia of boat building knowledge and had vast experience in using what he knew. He never boasted about having used this or that technique or how many boats he had built, but his dedication to the craft and obvious love for his work came through in the results of his work. When we worked with Dave, even as new incoming apprentices, we worked with him, not under him or for him. Even though he had 100 times the experience and could work ten times faster, he treated us as equals. He was there next to us showing us the best way he knew how, through the work of his hands, to get things done. Through techniques used for patterning a plank or the shaping of a breasthook, he would show us what he knew, but not in a classroom or a lecture, but on pieces assembled to build a boat.

His presence in the Shop as an accomplished individual engaged in a craft that requires constant learning and honing of skills was an inspiration to the many eager but inexperienced individuals who came seeking what I feel Dave had found. He found a way of living that brought him joy and a way to share that joy with others. Many boats were built and launched at the Shop while Dave was there, but I think it's telling that on numerous occasions when I saw Dave after he stopped teaching, there was seldom talk about boats but a lot of talk about what this former apprentice was doing or who had gone where and started what."



Rockland Apprenticeshop Report

By Graham Walsh
(Rockland, Maine)

Not a Story About Boats

By Eric Stockinger, Executive Director

With the passing of The Apprenticeshop's first Master Builder, David Foster, last month, I got to thinking about the history and legacy of the Apprenticeshop. 2011 marks the 39th year the Shop has been around, and while it's taken on several different personas (and locations) over those years, the core ideas and values have remained the same. I have spoken to many of our alumni and while they admit things have changed at the Shop, most all of them felt the experiences they had, in some cases 20 or 30 years ago, were pretty close to the experiences our apprentices have today. For me, that's the real measure of success. The experience is really what it's all about. It's true that a lot of apprentices have gone on to become professional boat builders, but producing boat builders was never the sole intent of The Apprenticeshop.

The following quote, from a book about the Shop published in the early '80s, is one of my favorites: "This is not a story about boats. The story concerns capabilities and attitudes that may be passed along through the tradition of wooden boat building, but it is not about boats. What it is about is work and people working, determination, frustration and commitment, joy and disappointment, and the search for quality. It is a tale of hearts and hands, tools applied to tasks. It's about the satisfaction born of struggle. In the deepest sense this is a story about the shape of things, about how the past may shape the future and how what we do may shape our own lives."

None of the current apprentices ever met David Foster. In fact, most of them weren't even born when he helped Lance start The Apprenticeshop back in 1972. Yet the same spirit of determination, commitment, and joy still exists, thanks in large part to our current Master Builder Kevin Carney who, as an apprentice and instructor, worked alongside David for many years. Kevin shares his own thoughts on David's passing in this newsletter.

See you at the Shop

New Season Begins

At The Apprenticeshop, the New Year marks the beginning of a new building season and the beginning of apprenticeships for three new students; Kit Macchi, Sophie Meltzer, and Ryan Flynn.

Sophie comes to the Shop after a year as an apprentice at The Carpenter's Boat Shop in Pemaquid, Maine, and after having completed a punt for a *WoodenBoat* magazine article.

Kit's background in furniture craftsmanship, construction, carpentry, and theatre lighting will serve all of us over the coming two years.

Ryan's experience includes carpentry and seamanship. He won the Blackburn



Sophie, Kit, and Ryan join The Apprenticeshop crew.

Challenge, a 20-mile open ocean rowing race around Cape Ann, Massachusetts, four times in boats that he built himself. His woodworking skills and experience dovetail well with The Apprenticeshop.

We have great confidence in the contributions of all three of our new apprentices as we welcome them to The Apprenticeshop family and to the greater Rockland community.

Spring internship slots are still available. The 12-week project, beginning on April 4, 2011, focuses on the construction of a Susan skiff, an 11' classic New England rowboat, lapstrake planked in pine, with a bottom cross planked in cedar. Each intern builds his or her own Susan skiff.

As we look forward to the boats being built this season, we'd also like to reflect on the Launch and Graduation Ceremony held last December 17. The turnout of friends and family of The Apprenticeshop was spectacular, as was the weather and the press coverage. We'd like to thank WCSH 6, the *Bangor Daily News*, Village Soup, and the *Herald Gazette* for their news stories online, on air, and in print. One can see the WCSH 6 broadcast by visiting: <http://www.wcsh6.com/news/story.aspx?storyid=141102&catid=2>



December launch, apprentices Drew Scott and Skyler Shepard man the oars.

Please contact Graham (graham@apprenticeshop.org) for links to the other stories and photos of the 12' Lawley Tender, the 9' Lawley Tender (which is currently for sale!), and the 11' Frank Day Row Boat, built by the two-year apprentices, as well as the three Susan skiffs turned out by our interns.



Things are busy here at the Buffalo Maritime Center. First it snows and then it snows again. While that's happening it snows again so that it can snow on top of the old snow. Then it snows, again and again. I wish I was kidding but it has snowed almost every day since we got here. Yesterday morning it was 4°! Besides all of that we are busy.

The shop crew is doing some repairs to a 28' round-bottomed ketch rigged sailboat they built here a few years ago. She's strip planked but there was some trouble with some of the strips down where the garboard would have been that they're repairing. Hard working crew. They've put in a new keel and some other pretty big chunks of wood so far and put back in some equally big pieces. Centerboard trunk is the next big piece in the puzzle and we're trying to find sources for some big timbers that we need for that.

The crew here is pretty sharp but they haven't had much input from folks who have worked at traditional boatbuilding so some of the structure that might have been put in this boat didn't get into her. We've worked out some stuff and they're adding in some frames and floor timbers and some bolts and screws here and there which should make things right.

The shop is completely equipped including one of those table saws that has the mechanism in it that brings it to a complete stop before it can cut your skin. An amazing piece of equipment for that. We've got the usual Delta and Porter Cable big and small bandsaws, an 8" jointer, two 12" planers, a few drill presses, chop saws, big shaper, a lathe, grinders, compressors, and the rest. We have a bunch of the usual screw guns, drills, sanders, grinders, saws and hand tools. Not enough hand tools, actually, and hand planes, chisels, wooden spar planes and backing out planes are all on my list to get.

How Things Are in Buffalo

By Roger Allen



There's an Optimist Pram going together, and a nice looking kayak. There's also a Yankee Tender that's a modified dory of about 12'. We've also got a fleet of 16' skiffs that the shop does maintenance on for the local Department of Parks and Recreation under contract. That's about to start soon. I'm also slowly setting up the calendar for all of the different boat building classes that they



want, and we have a bunch of boatbuilding projects to do downtown for this summer that we're getting set up for. One of the boats is a bateau similar to what Lewis and Clark used on their trip, sort of...

One of the crew is doing a lofting class soon and another is doing a sea chest class. We even have a stained glass window class going on now that I think of it that our TSCA buddy Chuck Meyer is doing.

I worked up costs on a 60' Packet Boat, a fancy canal boat that carried passengers in the mid-1800s, that we hope to get funded. She's got a 14' beam and draws about 1-1/2'. The Board has some really sharp folks on it and this part has been fun. All of them are into BOATS and I think all of them are actually sailors. Now that's something different, isn't it?

We're also working up to build a 24' Jay Benford Ferry Boat for some local folks. Apparently the design has been in use in Vancouver for a number of years and has been a success.

We're also working on a big proposal that would include the actual building of a Maritime Museum building right down at the Erie Canal Harbor side. So far that all seems to be working its way around to becoming serious. Lots of folks to get to know to make that happen though. Lots of hoops yet to jump through.

Folks in Buffalo are pretty nice I've got to say. I haven't met a snob yet and people are really easy to talk to. Can't find any edges on them anyway. There're more projects but I'll tell you about them later on as things develop.

Roger Allen, Buffalo Maritime Center, Buffalo, NY

Editor Comments: Roger just moved from the Cortez, FL Maritime Museum to the Buffalo, NY Maritime Center which offered greater opportunity for boatbuilding rather than administrative work.

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One Group's Adventure in Boat Building

Lumber and Caulking and
Power Tools... Oh My!

By Emmie Ogden and Emily Britton

The summer of 2009 was an interesting one for the members of Venture Crew 2080. As a co-ed group ages 14-21 from Soddy-Daisy, Tennessee, we spent the majority of the summer constructing four 16' Featherwind sailboats (a Phil Bolger design) under the supervision of local boat builder Nelson Bennett. This activity was quite out of the ordinary for our Venture Crew which, as a branch of the Boy Scouts of America, generally focuses on high adventure sports like rock climbing, backpacking, and scuba diving. But every Tuesday night for four months our group met together for several hours to saw, hammer, sand, sew sails, and caulk seams.

Our Crew was offered this opportunity when Mr Bennett, a long time wooden boat enthusiast, volunteered to lead the Crew in the construction of the Featherwinds. Nicknamed the "\$200 Sailboat," the Featherwind model is enjoyed by sailors nationwide for its speed and portability. The model was chosen by Mr Bennett for its inexpensive materials and relative simplicity of construction. Although only a few of us had any experience working with wood, the entire group jumped wholeheartedly into the project, intent not only on creating sail boats, but on learning new skills.

One enthusiastic member of our Crew, Jessie Brogdon, said, "At first I was not excited about building these boats. I was intimidated by the power tools. But I began to trust myself and my new skills more and more as we went on. Now I'm perfectly comfortable working with wood."

A lot of time and materials went into building these boats. In addition to hours upon hours of labor, each of the four boats required assembling over one hundred wooden pieces. Local stores even pitched in by offering discounted materials and free gallons of paint for the Featherwinds' finish.

Building the boats was a learning experience; we not only acquired new skills and enjoyed the satisfaction of seeing a difficult project through to completion, we also learned to work more efficiently as a group. Because of the varying tasks involved, each of us was able to contribute in different ways, working as a team to responsibly "balance the work load." Venture Crew member Chelsea Schachle admits, "it was a lot of hard work, but I'm so glad we did it. What a great experience to have!" Another of our members, Sam Britton, says he feels this whole process "has brought our group to new heights of trust and cohesion."

Building boats together was definitely an arduous process, but we were all pleasantly surprised as we watched piles of wood and boxes of screws develop into boats complete with keels, oars, and, of course, sails. We launched the boats as soon as the paint dried, just in time for the favorable winds of fall. Mr Bennett was equally delighted with our hard work and dedication to the building process. He says, "These boats are a great achievement for a group of young people. I am proud of everyone involved in this project." Learning the unique skill of boat building has been a wonderful experience for all of us. We'll see you on the water!



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Canoe Yawl Found in Liverpool

Reprinted from *Jib & Mizzen*
Journal of the Albert Strange Association

Remember *Mist*? Successfully recovered from a Scottish beach and now in Suffolk with restoration well advanced? Well, here we go again! We've learned of this boat languishing in a marina yard in Liverpool and in need of sympathetic attention. We're not yet sure if she's by Albert Strange, but in any case she looks worthy of preserving and she is by no means beyond help. Our thanks to Matthew Lingley for this tipoff.

We are still researching her likely designer and it is not thought to be Strange. McLean Gibson is a possibility and Mike Burn thought she might be a Mersey canoe yawl built by Sam Bond. Nigel Edwards reckons her hull is the spitting image (apart from the keel profile, which may have been altered in the building) of *Normah Creina* designed ca 1935 by W. Easton and built by Clark & Carter of West Mersea in that year.

She is featured extensively in Francis B Cooke's *Pocket Cruisers*, complete with foldout lines in the back of the book. Nigel himself once owned a sister to her. However,



our boat does have a bumkin, suggesting a yawl rig, which *Normah Creina* did not as originally drawn (she was a Bermudan cutter, although built for Cooke's son as gaff), however, this is not hard evidence against her being the same design.

The boat has now been rescued by David Satterthwaite, a local boat restorer, who had spotted her prior to our interest being aroused. He has promised to keep us informed of his progress with her and we hope we may be able to persuade him to join the ASA. Good luck, Dave.



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By Jim Thayer

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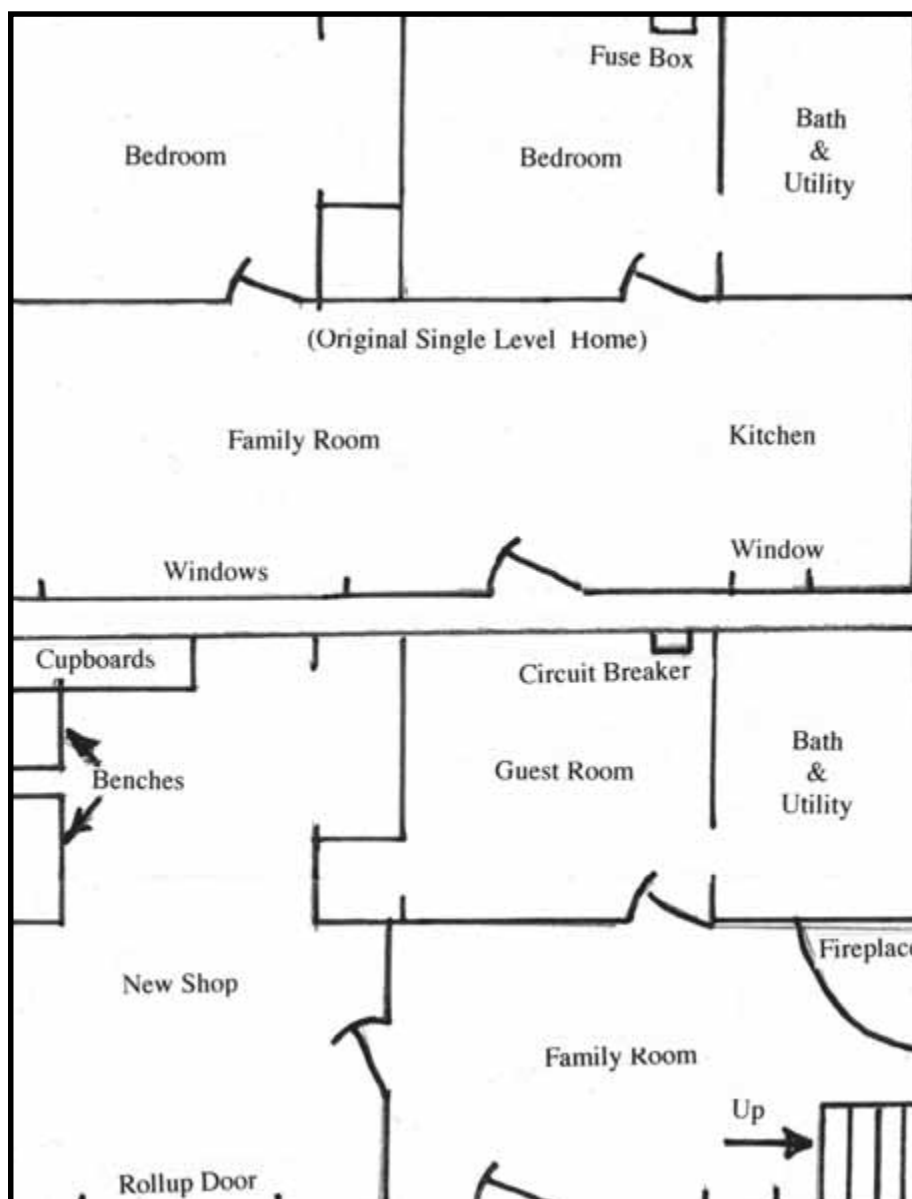
Fitting My New Shop into the House

The last time you heard from me it was still sailing and canoeing time. I find it hard to get serious about boat building when it is still boating season. It is extra hard to work on the shop when there are boats to be built. Good news I now have a shop again. I have spent a lot of time since I knocked out the front wall and started working on the interior of my building. I built a partition that split my old family room in half. I next proceeded to remove a wall that had separated the family room from one bedroom. Removing that wall gave me a shop about 22' deep and 10' wide at the narrow end. This shop is about the same size that my old outdoor shop was.

I must say it is really nice to not have to dress warm to make a run to my shop. It is nice also no more chucking wood into the fire all day to get the building warm by evening. This new shop seems to hold somewhere between 50° and 60°. It seems to warm up more on colder days. I have heat ducts that connect to my home's new high efficiency gas furnace. I don't mind working in a 50° environment. When I need it to be warmer, like when I am glassing, I feel that my electric heaters will warm things pretty well.

I had to reroute the electric system to get the kind of power that I wanted to have available. The lower level of my home was originally wired with one 15amp service that seemed to run everything, lights and receptacles. When the old wall came out so did several receptacles and a wall switch for the old bedroom lights. These services got disconnected and the same line got run into the new partition. I installed several receptacles on both sides of this wall and a wall switch for the new shop lights.

All the circuits are 15amps, not what I wanted to run my power tools. I went back to the main box and ran conduit along the east wall into the new shop. This conduit continued to the corner, then all the way along the north wall. I installed a 4" box in the wall every 4'-5'. These walls are the foundation walls and all concrete block. I ran #12 into this conduit and I was now set up for two 20amp services at each box. I am glad that my son came by to check on my work. He is an electronic tech and he knows a lot about how to wire correctly. Doing the power was a really big step. After that was done I spent a little time painting and trimming out the room. This was all cosmetic but it will be nice to work in a pretty shop.



My new shop contains several items that survived the fire last year. I have an old carpenter's workbench that survived and some wall cupboards. A little paint and they are as good as new, almost. I built a bench out of a 2"x12" that I had taking up space in my garage. I now have a really solid 2'x5' bench that I bolted my drill press to. It survived the fire as did my bench grinder, it sits next to the drill press. My table saw and dust collector needed some cleaning but they also survived. They are portable but for now I set them up near the south wall so I have room to rip or crosscut without hitting a wall. I mounted tool boards along the north wall over the two work benches. They got painted to match the bench and cupboards. Some day if I ever get bored I may paint the shape of all the tools lest I forget where they belong.

Okay, I now have a shop so I must build something. It is a boat shop so maybe I will build a boat. Several years ago I met Jim Michalak at the Rend Lake Messabout. I bought his book, *Boatbuilding for Beginners and Beyond*. I like to think of myself as the beyond but I found Jim's book informative. I like the way he simplifies the boat building process. I have over time gotten some of his plans but never built from them. I had a chance to sail a Skat (one of Jim's designs) on Lake Nokomis one day. I was really impressed with the boat. It is a small boat but large enough to carry a passenger. It seemed to do everything well. Over the last year I have been getting the sailing bug again so I sent off for the Skat plan.

My next project? Maybe. I bought some Baltic birch from the local builders' supply

and I now have something to entertain me rather than just hibernating until our 4' of snow melts. The last boat to come out of the old shop was built of Baltic birch. I really like working with it. It is a 5-ply wood with a fairly thick veneer that will allow some sanding. I have used lauan underlayment in the past and was not happy with the thin veneers. The birch plywood has 5-ply all about equal in thickness. No, it is not waterproof. I plan to completely encapsulate all the wood so it shouldn't matter.

I will keep you posted on my progress. I have a goal of bringing this boat to the Lake Pepin Messabout in June. We will see if that happens.

One problem for home boat builders is saving that leftover half quart of varnish. Too often it skims over and is spoiled. How to prevent?

One strategy is to save it in a smaller container with less head space, so the quantity of oxygen in the headspace is limited. This can work quite well, but it can be a limitation to find a suitable-sized container, which can also be more expensive than the varnish to be saved. An attractive alternative is to store it under argon, now available in marine supply stores under the trade name Bloxygen™. Argon is commonly used for the storage of wine and other foodstuffs. Argon is relatively heavy, totally inert, non-toxic, and non-flammable, making it an ideal candidate for this purpose. It has two major disadvantages; it cannot be liquefied under mild pressure and thus occupies a lot of space, and it is expensive. A can of Bloxygen™ contains only 0.4oz of gaseous argon and, when hefting a full can, it is essentially indistinguishable by weight from an empty can.

I investigated two possible, less expensive alternatives; the refrigerants difluoroethane and tetrafluoroethane. These are commonly known as freons and are available in the form of spray cans of liquefied gas, packaged primarily for dusting off electronics. There are several brands, such as Dust-Off™, commonly available in office supply and computer stores. Dust-off™, like Bloxygen™, comes with a handy narrow diameter extension tube suitable for purging the headspace of cans of finishes. Bloxygen™ has been featured in articles in *Popular Woodworking*, also *Wood and Workbench*.

The properties of freons (from the Merck Index) appear to make them an economically attractive alternative to argon. As shown in the accompanying table, difluoro and tetrafluoro ethane gases are even denser than argon. Since they can be liquefied and stored under mild pressures, much more freon can be stored in any given container than argon, and they are much cheaper. Freons are chemically nonreactive and even less water-soluble than argon, so it appears unlikely that their presence during storage would interfere with the drying process of the varnish once freed from storage.

I tried storing some varnish in containers with large amounts of headspace and also under argon or with both types of freons. After one month, the unprotected varnish had skimmed over, while the varnish under the argon or either freon did not. However, as shown in the accompanying table, the price of the freons averaged seven to fourteen times cheaper per unit volume than argon (gas vol-

How to Store Your Leftover Varnish When it's Almost Argon

By Larry Haff

umes calculated from their labeled weights of the bases in the cans, and prices for the products as posted on the Amazon website).

Disadvantages? Dust-off™ Original Formula is difluoroethane, which is potentially flammable (I don't know if one could create a spark pounding on the lid of a metal paint can lid, but it would not appear impossible). "Dust-off™ Special Application" is tetrafluoroethane and is non-flammable (designed for use with electronics, which may be "on," and is more likely to be found in electronics stores than in office supply stores. It tends to be slightly more expensive than the original formula, but that would appear to be worth it for the non-flammability feature. Any other disadvantages? Freons are potent greenhouse gases, while argon is not (in fact, the argon was just pulled out of the atmosphere and its use just puts it back where it came from. Let your conscience be your guide.

So, my short-term experience suggests continued trials of Dust-off™ Special Application is warranted. Keep in mind that argon or freon storage saves only oil-based paint or

varnish, including polyurethanes and other finishes that spoil in the presence of oxygen. Two-part finishes and water-based finishes, including latex, don't benefit by storage under inert gases. Also, finishes that have already reached equilibrium with air and contain a lot of dissolved oxygen, won't fully benefit from storage under inert gas because the oxygen is already in the finish. Argon or freon cannot adequately protect unused finish if finish which has been sitting out in the air is returned to the container.

One trick I tried appears to be helpful in more thoroughly purging the can regardless of which gas is used. The usual method is to lift the can's lid up just a crack and insert the extension tube into the crack and spray. Then seal the can. By this method, some air gets in anyway. Instead, I recommend first sealing the lid, then drilling two small holes in the lid just slightly bigger than the diameter of the extension tube. Purge the container through one hole with the extension tube, allowing excess gas to escape from the other hole. Then cover the two holes with a heavy tape, such as duct tape. I am convinced this both minimizes the amount of gas needed and limits the amount of air left in the can. The heavy tape appears adequate to prevent the introduction of air upon storage.

Keep in mind that this application of freon is not a recommended use of the product by the manufacturer. Follow the safety precautions (which are minimal). Further use and review will be necessary to determine if there are any applications for which the use of freon interferes with the function of the product.

Properties of Gases for Storage of Finishes

Product	Identity	Gas Density	Water (Air =1)	Solubility	Gas, Ounces Flammability	\$/Can	\$/Liter /Can
Bloxygen	Argon	1.4	3.4%	0	0.4	\$9.50	\$1.41
Dust-off:	Difluoroethane	2.3	2.3%	Significant	10.0	\$10.00	\$0.10
Original							
Dust-off:	Tetrafluoroethane	3.2	0.2%	nil	10.0	\$12.50	\$0.20
Special Formulation							



Gasno Gao. Circa 1930-1950. Aticamek birchbark canoe, 13'10" x 34", 72lbs, made by Ceasar Newashish of Manuan, Quebec, Canada. I bought it in 1976 from an Indian canoe builder who was making and selling canvas canoes in the adjacent town of St. Michel-Des-Saints. This name is "birch bark canoe" in Seneca, my adopted Indian Nation.

The story goes back a long time. I have been studying American Native peoples for many years and have a large collection of artifacts, clothing and other native crafts. I also have been making and using canoes for many years. But I didn't have an Indian canoe! I knew Henri Valliancourt and have great respect for his workmanship and knowledge of native crafts but I wanted an Indian canoe. I had several talks with him as we worked on canoe parts. I studied the literature and learned as much as I could about birchbark canoes and contemporary builders, then started my search.

After the ACA Encampment at Sugar Island, Evelyn and I would head up into Canada where we had heard they were making canoes. We went up one river that flowed into the St Lawrence where people had said that they built them. Upon getting up as far north as possible, we were told "over there farther east" but we ran out of time and had to continue the next year. We went to Quebec and asked around there without any success.

Then, in 1973, we took our most exciting trip up the Saint Maurice River. The scenery was beautiful as the road ran along the winding river a few miles south of La Tuque. Suddenly, there was a loud "BANG" from the back of the car and I stomped on the brake, thinking we had hit something. Glancing into the rear view mirror, I saw our gas tank lying in the middle of the road with gasoline pouring into the road and running into the ditch! There was not much traffic up there but about fifteen minutes later one car sped by, going north.

However, as we began to think of what else we could do, a couple of older strangers stopped and with Evelyn's meager French, we negotiated a ride for Evelyn with them. On Wednesday late afternoon a tow truck came and took me and the car to the garage in LaTuque, took us to the restaurant to have dinner and to the motel. On Thursday morning we went to the garage and observed their putting the brazed tank back onto the suburban. There were two of them working and three sitting around watching and giving advice in a continuous babble of French. It was hilarious! They finished the repairs and sent us on our way north. They had been so hospitable and generous to us and did not charge much for all the work they had done or for transporting us!

At Point Bleue, on Lac Saint Jean, near Chambord, the manager of the Hudson Bay Trading Post showed me on the map where the canoes were made in Manuan, on the Rivier Matawin, back west of where we were. So it was back home for another year.

The next year, in 1974, after Sugar Island, we headed down the Saint Lawrence and then north to Joliette and then north to St. Michel-Des-Saints where a beautiful birchbark canoe hung from the rafters in the restaurant and we stayed for the night. Although it is a small town, they were well equipped for tourists because it was a major snowmobile center in the winter. We got our directions from the people in the motel and restaurant and headed off to Manuan. From there

Gasno Gao

By Larry Zuk



on, it was dirt logging roads, dodging the potholes and washed out places and squeezing over to the side as big loaded lumber trucks hurtled down the road past us toward town.

About 30 miles up the road as we thought we were nearing our destination, we began to see Indians picking blueberries in the fields along the road. I got out of the Suburban and looked down into a gully. It was impassible but I saw a small sign about 6" high and a foot long with a crude arrow on it pointing to the right. We were in a field at the time but as I turned the car, I saw faint car tracks down a slope into a patch of small trees. We followed about half a mile, crossed an old low log bridge, back up the creek and joined our original logging road where shortly we arrived at a small cluster of neat, but not fancy, one story cottages like the old motels with separate buildings. But in the center of the village was a neat, rather small (compared to most of the big churches of the towns along the Saint Lawrence) church!

A small man in clerical robes was working in the garden as we parked and got out of the car. "Top o' the mornin'," he greeted us and asked if we would like to see the church. Of course we said yes and he showed us the inside of the church. Every wall, post, and the altar were magnificently decorated with carved birchbark. We loved it! We had really finally got to the home of the canoe builders!

It turned out that he was a Jesuit priest who had been trained in Boston! We made a generous contribution to the church and talked about Boston for while. Then we asked about the canoe builders and found that Ceasar Newashish and his son were not there nor expected back soon. I think they were off fishing.

We returned to St. Michel-De-Saint where we spent the night and continued on our Canadian exploration through Montreal to Ottawa. I had wanted to see the Rideau Canal and the trip down to the St. Lawrence River, seeing the magnificent, very high old locks, still in use, mostly by pleasure boats,

was very much worthwhile. Continuing our trip, we proceeded to Gananoque and the ACA Encampment on Sugar Island. Another year without a birchbark!

At the national meeting of the ACA, on November 10, 1974, I was elected National Commodore, (same as President). With all the administrative work, trips to meetings and National Championships, I paddled, sailed and raced but there was not much time for exploring in 1975 and 1976.

However, as Commodore, US Representative and Olympic Official, I attended the ICF World Meeting and the Olympics with all the meetings and parties included. On July 19th, I drove to Sugar Island and left my canoe for the express purpose of not having a canoe on my car at the Olympics for fear of having someone steal it. I drove to Montreal and attended the meeting of the ICF and the party that evening. Evelyn arrived on the airplane next day. We had a few days before the Olympics, so, on the spur of the moment, we decided to run up to Manuan just to see the place.

We drove to Manuan on Sunday, picked some berries, visited the Father and the Church and found out that Ceasar was back in Montreal, where we had started, at the Exhibition of Native Crafts! We drove back to St. Michel-De-Saints. Before dinner, while touring the town, we visited the shop where a native made some white man's canvas canoes which he was proud to show us and tried to sell us. Of course, we complimented him on his canoes and workmanship but we really were not interested.

On our tour of the old barn and shed which was his factory, I spied a little birchbark canoe back in the corner of the shed and asked him about it. He said it was broken and he had to fix it. Knowing that it would be a long time before I got back there again I examined the canoe and said that I would fix it. "How much?" I asked. He was very reluctant to sell it because he was afraid he was cheating me! But he said \$250 American. Aside, Evelyn asked if I would be satisfied with this canoe and not be hot on the trail of another and I said- "Yes."

Someone had taken one of the two original thwarts out and put in a canvas canoe seat which I wanted to replace. He said he would make an exact copy of the other thwart and install it in the canoe while we ate dinner. After dinner we went back and he had put in a beautiful thwart at no extra charge. But I gave him an extra \$10 and we happily loaded our birchbark on our car and drove back to Montreal.

So there we were, happy about finally getting our canoe, but with a canoe on the car which we really thought might get stolen. Just what we had been trying to avoid! We drove to the Exposition Center and met Caesar Nawashish and showed him the canoe which he said he had made, "Maybe 20 or 30 years ago." We admired the Exhibit and bought a little model bark canoe that they were making for the tourists, which I still have on the mantelpiece.

Back at the motel, we asked where we could store the canoe, but they had no space long enough. So, from the second floor, we put it out the window onto the first floor roof. And there, throughout the Olympics we, and everyone else, could see our canoe as we drove up to the motel!

The story should stop there. I officiated at the Canoeing Races and we enjoyed the

Olympic Games and parties. Then we went back to Sugar Island where I performed my duties as Commodore and raced in the sailing races, winning the Cruising Class Race around the island, All Outdoor Trophy, in my Dad's old Willetts.

Then on Monday, August 9th, we started home and heard hurricane warnings on the radio. Paying little attention we stopped and toured the Adirondack Museum at Blue Mountain Lake and ate a picnic supper. At 8:30, as it got dark, we took off for home in the rain. Warnings were more specific then. Hurricane Belle was coming up the Hudson and western New England. The rain and the wind increased and was getting pretty wild as we got to Albany. I stopped several times to tighten the canoes down. We were worried about losing our old Willetts and, especially, our new birchbark, which had been so difficult to find! We also stopped at a couple of motels, which is unusual for us, but they couldn't squeeze us in. Finally we stopped at Lee, Massachusetts in the highway service area and slept in the car resuming our driving when the storm had subsided in the morning. A wild trip!

I patched the major split in the bottom and cheated with a little epoxy. Everything else was done in the Indian Fashion as I took out a couple of ribs and re-bent them, put in a couple of thin spruce splittings to support the injured area, bound in the new thwart with split water soaked roots and also bound a broken gunwale near the end. Then I refilled all the breaks and scratches with the "Indian Duct Tape" mixture of boiled pine pitch, rendered animal fat and charcoal.

I showed the canoe and paddles at a race in Concord, where about 398 people ignored it and 2 people admired and asked me ques-

tions about it. We paddled it on trips with the AMC with about the same results. No one took the opportunity to paddle a birchbark that I offered. I dressed as an Indian in an absolutely pre-Columbian costume of deer-skin, with decorations of a deer hair roach, porcupine quill, native beads and body paint with a native basket and Indian paddle for a VCR introducing Concord's Historical Sites. This was shown to visitors in the museum at the National Monument. Also Evelyn and I dressed in authentic costume as a squaw man and squaw of the Canadian fur trading era for a Halloween cruise on the Concord River.

My favorite activity on important occasions, such as the equinox, is to dress in the most primitive Indian attire, sneak out from a secret launching place and paddle silently up and down the river past other boats at the celebrations at Egg Rock (which is at the confluence of the Assabet and Sudbury Rivers to form the Concord River), the Revolutionary War North Bridge and other places where people were celebrating and then disappear. The "Spirit of Meskatequid" surveying what the white man had done to His River! That got a picture on the front page of the newspaper!

I was the head of the 100th Anniversary Committee of the ACA and organized and participated in many events. On July 29, 1980, we held the 100th Anniversary National Class-C Sailing Championship at a yacht club on Lake George. On the weekend we held a Canoe Parade and Celebration to the spot where the ACA was formed and there is a Commemorative Plaque on a rock facing the lake. There were about 30 canoes and Evelyn and I paddled our Osprey with a large ACA Burgee and Eric Wells paddled the birchbark

Also, in celebration of the 100th Anniversary, I set up an ACA celebration with the Antique Boat Museum in Clayton, NY, and asked the Wooden Canoe Heritage Association to join us. On Saturday, August 9, 1980, we set up our ACA exhibit. The WCHA registration was right next to ours and our boats were all on the lawn together. I had the birchbark laid out and Eric Wells, in full Seneca costume of the period just before the Revolutionary War, standing by to answer questions. We had some races and other demonstrations, including the traditional race between a sailing canoe and a Saint Lawrence skiff (which was first held about when the ACA started in 1880). The next issue of *Wooden Canoe* reported on the event with no mention of the ACA at all!

The last trip I took with the canoe was with a group of about 30 people with a conservation organization celebrating the 100h Anniversary of the Lewis and Clark journey of exploration. Of course, I had to bring an example of one of the kinds of boats they used. We stopped along the way upriver for parts of the Lewis and Clark story. At lunch-time I talked very shortly about birchbark canoes and they all refused my offer to let them paddle it. The boats on the trip were mostly plastic canoes carrying two people, and a few plastic kayaks. Going back downriver they were in a hurry to get home for dinner, or something, and vigorously applied their meager skills to the paddles. I had to get up on one knee and paddle at what was to me at that time, racing speed for over three miles. It is a very slow canoe with so much rocker that, paddled single-handed, it spins with each stroke and I use a "C" stroke. I was tired!

In 2008, I gave *Gasno Gao* to the Antique Boat Museum in Clayton NY. You may paddle it up there.



Clockwise from above: First paddle at Sugar Island in 1976. Trapper and squaw on Halloween canoe trip by Concord's Old North Bridge. Eric Wells with *Gasno Gao* at the Antique Boat Museum 100th Anniversary in Clayton, NY. Eric paddling *Gasno Gao* as Seneca Indian.



In the evolution of the twin-sail-on-a-windsurfer-hull craft, I reached the point where I had changed from one simple but painful seat plank to two padded kayak seats mounted at a slight angle to each other. I always figure that whenever I try something new I will learn something. Sometimes it's not what I wanted to learn, but some lesson will come.

Taking the boat out for a spin with the new seats, I found that they stuck up too high to allow the rectangular sail system to index past my tummy/PFD, and when I took them off the aluminum braces I had put on as mounts were pointy hazards if I got knocked over. So I had to limit my time on the water and go home early. Rats.

On the good news side, the two rods that moved the tiller worked very well, precisely and freely, if only I could get my reactions trained to the right directions. To reduce confusion I resolved to use only the windward steering rod whenever I sailed the boat, and then all I had to memorize was "forward windward" for rod motion. Seems so simple, doesn't it?

The next changes for the craft were to be significant, a solid curved seat back and a whole new set of sails. I had been looking at and considering kids' windsurfer sails for some time, they're very efficient, light, and relatively cheap, and I found a deal on a set of two 1.5m Ezzy sails complete with masts and booms (total 3.0sm). I cut the booms in half, just using the outside half to hold each sail, and added an aluminum mount on the stern end of each boom for the link that connects the sails together.

Out on the lake a few weeks later the boat now looked fairly radical, and I got a lot of comments from passersby and sailorsby. I found that I now had pretty good speed and, best of all, the seating was comfortable. All that was needed was a little elevation of my behind over my feet (2") and something padded to lean my lower back up against. My upper leg and stomach muscles were sighing in relief and I could cut back on my stockpiling of Advil.

The boat would tack fairly easily, although it wasn't always assured, and if it did get stopped in the middle I discovered she could sail just as fast in reverse. Yee hah! Needless to say, there was some crashing involved but the boat was easy to right. The seat was comfy but I felt I could get

Evolution of a Twin-Sail Rig Addition and Subtraction

By Steve Curtiss
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more power if I could sit just a bit further off centerline of the hull. The short lengths of line I used as the sheets were working, but there were times when I could have used more instant control. I tried holding a boom directly with one hand and found that gave me more power and quicker control, but soon led to balance problems as it was too high up and I couldn't let the sail out very far if I needed to. (Yes, more crashing.) I should point out here that I sail in the summer and the water in Shoreline Lake, while connected to San Francisco Bay, it is not as cold so occasional capsizing is actually kind of fun and refreshing.

Toward the end of the afternoon the indexer jammed and I had a very exciting time getting back to the beach stuck on only one tack. I assumed at first that the thrust bearing slipped downward, but when I got home and took it apart I discovered that the short lower mast piece had actually cracked at the junction with the turnbar flange. I knew with the new larger sails that I was putting more stress on the system, but I had run some quick numbers and was surprised that something broke. Looking closer I found the problem, the flange was welded onto the shaft and I had machined too much of the weld strength off in fitting things up. Aha! Time for some strengthening and a few more new improvement ideas.

The guy I use for welding takes it personally when I break something he welded. After some muttering and clattering of C-clamps, Eddie re-welded the mast to the flange with a much heavier bead, and when I got home I was careful not to get carried away with machining it to fit. So the mast system was back to full strength.

As far as the seat, I decided to widen it and run the tiller rods underneath the foam. Some spare marine plywood, a piece of PVC pipe under the foam to protect the rod, a little fitting and cussing, and I had a new seat. And, in compliance with Murphy's first law of boat design, it was a bit heavier, as all boat

improvements inevitably are.

To deal with the problem of improving the short ropes that work as sheets to control the boom position, I went to something I had used some years ago on another project, boom rods. Each boom rod is a piece of 1/2" aluminum tubing about 20" long that mounts to the boom tube with a spring loaded pivot so it swings down and out for direct, solid control of the sails, and when I let go of it, it springs back tight against the boom. Since it pivots forward, it's easy to reach near the front end of the boom when tacking or jibing. I wrapped each tube with some of my wife Francie's bicycle handlebar tape and used a wine cork for knob on the end.

The boom rods look strange to most people. Why would I use them? Two reasons. First of all, they give me bi-directional control, meaning I can push the boom out as well as pull it in, regardless of the wind, wave motion, or gravity. With a normal line-type sheet I can only control things when the line's in tension. I'm sure a lot of folks out there have had that "Oh @#\$!" feeling when the boom is moving quickly toward them, but they don't want it to do that and the slack sheet is of no use. Secondly, a boom rod gives me really sensitive control where I can feel the smallest wind change quickly and respond to it, allowing me to deal with stronger, gustier wind. Imagine a windsurfer trying to sail in gusty wind using something like the uphaul rope rather than holding the boom directly, he wouldn't stay up long.

So now I was ready with a seat that would allow me to offset more wind pressure and a set of boom rods that would allow me to better control the sails. Off to the lake again to try it out. As I arrived and set up I was greeted by the usual flock of geese advisors. This time, however, they seemed a lot more focused on intake than exhaust, so I managed to avoid some of the usual lawn decoration.

At this point I should probably mention that I have a reputation at Shoreline Lake from all the boat experiments I have tried there, and although there is occasionally some teasing from the office staff as I purchase my sail launch tag, I can count on a good bit of understanding and leeway from the management, two lovely and charming Italian sisters, and I keep hoping something I design will make them swoon, but so far no luck. I have told them gallantly that I will require no rescue from their throttle happy

The latest rig, ready to go...



...and go it does!



staff of summer boat jockeys, but will walk my boat back in the mud should I end up stranded downwind near the golf course (the fate of most windsurfing students the first day). Actually, now that I think about it, that may have more to do with the new \$25 fee they now charge for rescue than chivalry.

Well, on this afternoon things went very well, the boat was faster, more fun, and easier to control. It was working so well, in fact, that one of the Italian sisters actually suited up and windsurfed out to take a look at it! I

My technical advisors.

was so thrilled that I tried, with very mixed results, to joke with her, check out her excellent lines, and sail at the same time. Sort of like sailing and chewing gum and reciting the dictionary backwards. As I erratically worked the boom and steering rods, I was hoping this would be my moment and she would swoon at the sheer charm of my creation, but instead she smiled politely, sensing my overconfidence and lack of control, and bore off quickly downwind to give me more sea room in case I lost it.

And unfortunately I do crash fairly frequently with my experiments at Shoreline, usually in clear view of the lunch crowd at the restaurant. Maybe the lovely Italian sisters are really being nice to me because I'm cheap entertainment. Oh well, it didn't matter. I had felt the high energy tug of the breeze and the boat responding under me, played a balance act with gusts and wakes, and danced to the water's tune. Nothing can take away the contentment that follows a great afternoon with a small boat.

My sailing buddy, Bill Jiminez, with the twin Ezzy rig.

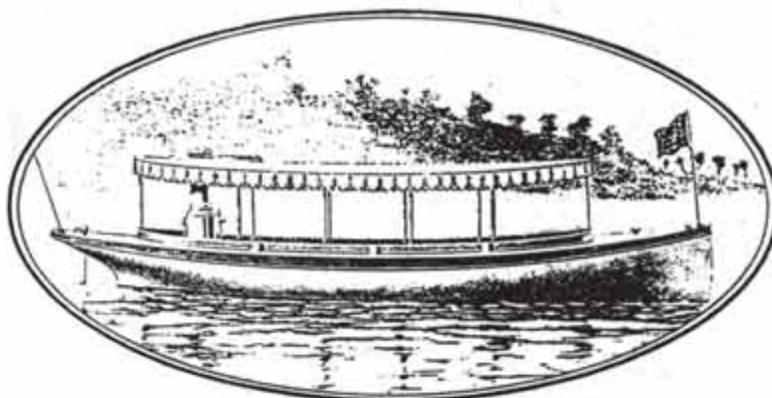


The Pleasures of Motorboating in 1912

(In Mullins Pressed Steel Boats)



About ten years ago, MOTOR-BOAT magazine ran a series of nostalgia articles by Weston Farmer, reminiscing about his boyhood amongst early motorboating. Weston is gone now, but his family continues to live in the old neighborhood in Minnesota hard by the waters of Lake Superior and Minnetonka. They have much of Weston's work in hand and are offering to interested persons today, copies of plans for many of his designs and reprints of articles he had published over the years. This article is one of them, and through the generosity of Wes Farmer, (Weston's son) we are able to bring it to you over the next several issues.



Gas Engine and Power Co. 30' naphtha launch with standing roof, awnings and storm curtains.

Halcyon Days

Weston Farmer

The nostalgia spell of an old song, as everybody knows, whisks you instantly back to yesteryear. Hearing its first few bars, you are wrapped timelessly in the robe of Romance: soft summer breezes whispering of Louises, the rustle of sail in the gloaming, sounds of string music wafting out from the yacht club verandah.

But better than an old tune there is nothing, I submit - nothing this side of Paradise - that can match the nostalgic hook of seeing in action an old and noble motorboat of a bygone era. For getting the robes of Romance wrapped around your axle, a fine old boat has music beat all hollow.

If you were lucky enough to have lived in the time when girls dropped only their handkerchiefs, and when men retired after dinner to the smoking room to discuss the inevitability of dollar wheat, by Gad, as their cigars burned down, you can recall the charm, dignity, craftsmanship, cussedness and fractious operation of an old-time motorboat. These were the days when Britannia Ruled the Waves, when T. Roosevelt's Great White Fleet was scaring hell out of the Philippine Archipelago, and when women couldn't vote: Men were men and nothing could be done about it.

There are good reasons for the years from 1895 to roughly 1914 being the Golden Age of the internal combustion motorboat.

It was a time of steam train commuting, a time when summer watering places sprang up by thousands along the waterways of the country. It was the summer community "at the lake," fashionably far from the city's summer stifle that, more than any other factor, was responsible for the 4000 boat companies that flourished then and afforded a most active market for over 200 makes of marine engines.

Communication between localities in those days was sketchy or non-existent. Detroit or Duluth cared nary a fig for Chesapeake Bay boat types. No one in Ogdensburg knew what was going on at White Bear Lake. New England thought Florida a land of alligators, swamps, Seminole Indians and six-inch cockroaches, any two of which could lick a dog. And so stood the country: The West Coast was a world apart. Each local waterfront produced an indigenous type of boat unsung and unheard of elsewhere. Little wonder, then, the enormous variety of early motorboats and marine engines.

You must remember that waterways were here long before automobiles and universal roads. Four-cylinder motorboat engines - think of such extravagance! - were here before Mr. Buick's one-cylinder marine engine was laid on its side and slung under a horseless carriage by Charles Duryea.

On the shores of these thousands of watering places, the prosperous folk had agglomerated the best locations and were in need of marine locomotion to get to the post office; or to go to the village to meet Dad on the 5:15 rattler. You couldn't expect the kids to walk two miles through the bush down to Ben Heald's farm for a pail of milk and hope it would be fresh by the time it got home! So, sail being dependent upon the vagaries of wind, some sort of power put into a boat was "de regueur" for the summer man's family.

Back in 1880, the steam launch had come first, but it took half an hour to work up running steam, so the two-minute naphtha launch quickly took over. For about twenty years, from 1885 to 1905, the graceful naphtha launch was the nickel-plated mode for breezing off friends of an evening, or for run-

ning errands.

Naphtha was much quicker to vaporize over a fire than was water. This low grade "white" gasoline deodorized of its sulphurous distillation smell, was at that time in favor for dry-cleaning, and was more efficient as a boiler fluid than water by a heat transfer ratio of 9 to 5. This was proved in 1883 by Frank W. Ofeldt, a Passaic, N.J. inventor and engineer. Ofeldt's idea was to boil the gasoline instead of water, build the engine integral with the heating plant, and run the whole outfit like a steam engine on the expansive vapor of hot naphtha at 65 lbs. pressure.

It was a workable idea. The entire boat had to be part of the power plant because condensing the naphtha after expansion in the engine required the pipes to be led outboard so as to cool the naphtha along the length of the keel before it was returned to the bow supply tank. Every naphtha power plant was a unit designed to work integrally with the boat. Naphtha engines were never sold separately.

Although externally rather than internally fired, and strictly not the kind of motorboat we know today, the naphtha launch found great favor. Nobody seemed to mind being shipmates with a barrel of boiling gasoline, and no license was required to let you boil it. You did need a license to boil water. Yes, siree! Every steam launch required a "licensed" engineer; the owner-skipper of the littlest steamer had to "have papers." This was vestigial underwriters' law from the days of sail, when the windjamming world feared the economic inroads of steam. Congress never did catch up with Ofeldt and his boiling gasoline, but the Law, in its Majesty, advances: Someday seagulls will be forced to wear diapers. You can bet

on it.

Naptha launch hulls evolved from early steam launch hulls. The deep sternpost tuck was fine for submerging a big propellor, and soon the counterstern type evolved into the true rounded "fantail" stern. Salty U.S. Navy bosuns will please note: This is the true "fantail," showing whence came the term - not from the sawed-off butt end of a battleship.

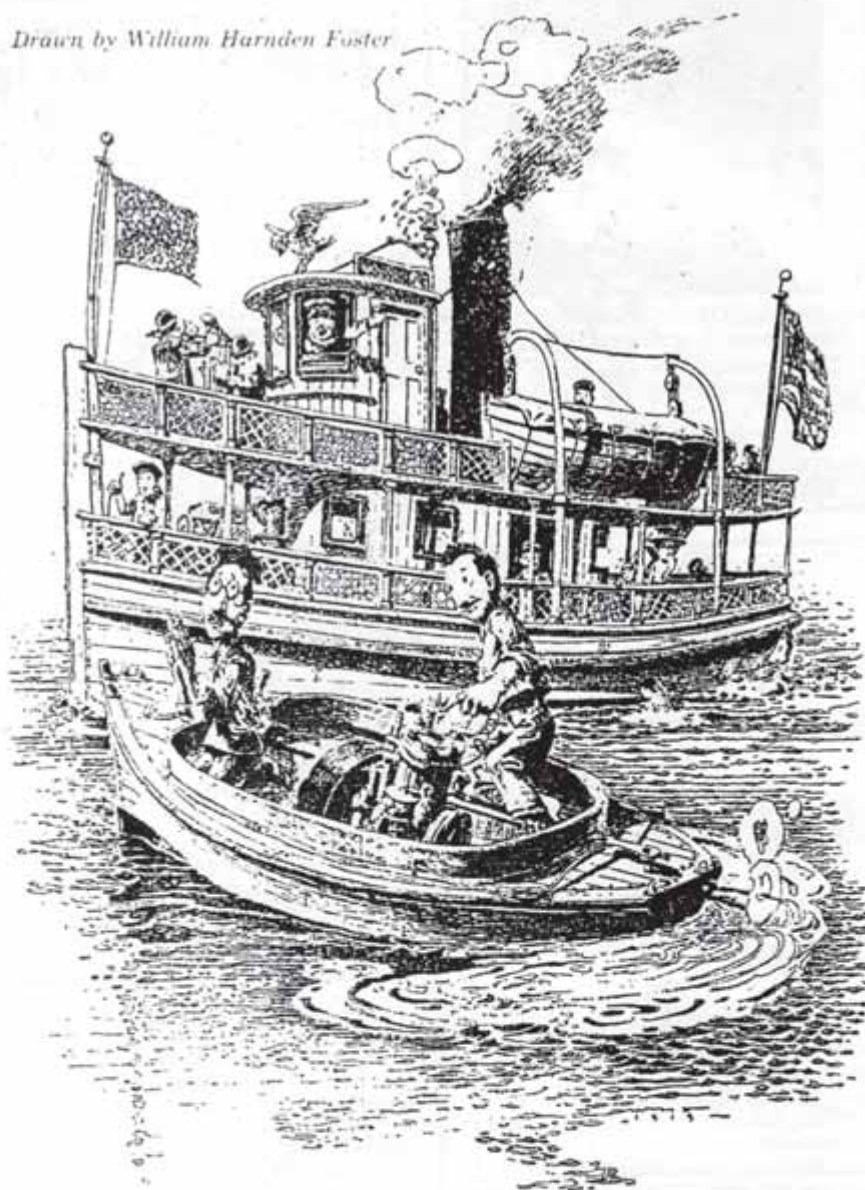
Fantail sterns were the vogue from 1890 to the demise of the naptha launch about 1905. All naptha launches were the product of the Gas Engine and Power Company of New York, and it is from their old mint-condition catalog that I have extracted a cut of their 30' fantail launch of 8 hp, capable of 8 mph. Note that the engine aft, with the fuel supply concealed in the bow, freed the whole boat from the burden of the bunkers, the boiler, the engine, the condenser and the pumps needed by steam. Mine Host's passengers now had the preferred room in the boat. This little ship gave a wonderful, solid, graceful ride, although its operation was sometimes interrupted by fireworks.

If the rich man at the lake wanted full safety and exquisite elegance from 1893 to about 1910, he bought an electric launch - the acme of grace, initial cost, the Rolls Royce quality. These were built by The Electric Launch Co. (Elco) of Bayonne, N.J. after the spectacular success of their first fleet of electric launches in transporting 2,000,000 paying passengers, with a safe record, at the Columbian Exposition in the lagoon at Chicago in 1893.

Early Elco launches were expensive: In addition to the cost of the boat they required shoreside charging facilities. This added to the luster of the night scene as their Cooper-Hewitt mercury rectifiers shed green moonlight during off-hour charging, hopefully not tapped from a nearby trolley line. I can still see the typical electric launch boathouse: All gingerbread Byzantine carpentry, elegantly installed in a private basin into and under the roof of which the boat was nurseried when not in use, and over which was a fashionable "gazebo" - the "in" term for a screened lolling place where pallid ladies swapped gossip and swatted mosquitoes with their fans of an evening.

All during this time the steam launch was fading out. And about 1895-1900, when naptha and electric launches were the coveted boats, the internal combustion engine, which had been developed in Germany to a worldwide patentable state in 1878, began to assert its economic superiority over steam, naptha, and the electric boats. Boats were no longer economic if they depended upon power wasteful-

Drawn by William Harnden Foster



The first man to reverse on the spark

ly transmitted from external heat or stored electrical energy.

Slowly, by word of mouth and occasional example, the gasoline engine became part of the awareness of men in boating affairs. Crude communications had kept the great news dormant: Somebody had put fire and its heat energy right inside an engine!

Biography shall here claim you but an instant. Nicholas August Otto is the man who invented the basic proposition of the internal combustion engine. He had already built and sold 5000 gas engines that operated on illuminating gas by the time of the Paris Exposition of 1876. His earth-shaking invention of the Otto four-stroke-cycle followed when, striving to improve his already successful one-cylinder, pile-driver-type engine, he made the dis-

covery that compression of a hydrocarbon vapor in a cylinder enormously increased its explosive pressure and made ignition instantaneous. This discovery - compression and ignition - is Otto's claim on immortality. It made possible the internal combustion engine we know today. Four-cycle, two-cycle, Diesel, Wankel, or producer gas are only variations on the basic Otto theme of compression and ignition.

Up until the time N.A. Otto patented this machine that would dramatically transform our world, his illuminating gas engine was capable of 30 rpm and employed 1/11th of an atmosphere of compression. Ignition was by propagation from a steady flame in a box. The engine stood waist high, developed .86 hp, and could not be built in multiple cylinders because the pis-



The first man to mix his lubricating oil with his gasoline

ton rod was centrally fixed and integral with the piston, and consisted of a rack which operated a ratchet on the flywheel shaft. Otto had bypassed the crankshaft of the steam engine, considering it inefficient in its translation of pressure to rotary motion.

It is interesting to reflect that all the early experimenters with the Big Bang inside an engine were Germans. Although he used a vapor engine, Ofeldt was a German expatriate. Otto, a Prussian born in Holshausen, Nassau, in 1832 was obviously a citizen of the land of the weiner and sauerkraut. Dr. Rudolph Diesel, a German who came later, used powdered coal injected into the first Diesel cylinder and blew his engine to smithereens on the first bang. It is also interesting to ruminate on the terms these gentlemen might have used in their tight Teutonic language to name their contraptions in the mother tongue.

German, you see, is graphic. If you are describing an elephant with a wounded left leg, the Germans have one word for the whole lashup. Thus, submarine becomes "unterseemotorboote". I have it

from impeccably unreliable sources that, what the English in their delicacy term the feminine garment "bra," is in German termed a "hol-zumfromfloppin". So Otto's first engines were probably marketed as "der innergutzbangenschpitters." This may be why Dugald Clerk, a Scotsman who was knighted for his invention of the two-cycle engine, tried to simplify things.

Levity shall be brushed aside for a sentence or two as we consider these first motorboat engines, even if they were bum German jokes. N.A. Otto had the perspicacity to patent his four-stroke-cycle worldwide in 1877. His U.S. patent, granted on Aug. 14, 1877, was licensed to the Philadelphia firm of Schleicher & Schumm & Company, who also obviously understood the meaning of "bangenschpitter." From an illuminating gas engine at Paris in 1876, to worldwide patents in 1877 and licensing of the four-stroke-cycle in 1878 proves Otto was a man of fine mettle - and don't spell it metal, because, obviously, there was no lead in his pants.

When these patents ran out 17 years later, in 1895, licensing

went out the window and every maker of lawnmowers, trunk furniture, or slot machines got into the business of making gasoline engines. Dugald Clerk's two-cycle patents ran out the same year, and so it mattered little which "cycle" was chosen to manufacture. History records that the cheapies soon fell by the wayside, but those engines built to standards of adequacy and quality, and hence price, survived as market leaders: Longevity and reliability were treasured long after price was forgotten.

By 1905, anybody who could buy castings and cut metal on a lathe seemed to jump into the engine business. Typically, the Lackawanna marine engine was built by the Coldwell Lawnmower Company of Newburgh, N.Y. and the Calile Perfection engine was built by Arthur Calile, of Detroit, whose main business was one-armed bandit slot machines. Most boat-builders were originally incorporated as "boat and engine company," building their own engines.

It is an astounding bit of drama to realize that the entire development of the gasoline engine had occurred within the lifetime of many men still living. I myself have lived 7/9th of the time, and have been a professional in the motorboat game for 60 years. I therefore remember most of this development from having lived it. Time is circular, not vertical, in calling back life's memories, and today when someone hands me an old Schebler bowl carburetor, wondering what it is, I am on affectionate terms with the whole Schebler family, as well as the engines to which it was attached. But let me tell you...

(To be continued)



Mr. Greason Nail - Although not a scientist, Mr. Nail became famous through his discovery that by making certain adjustments a four-cycle motor would run in either direction



These three pictures show a full scale reproduction of an outboard motor from 1896. There are no known surviving examples of this motor. This construction was done all from advertising pictures from that era. This type of reverse engineering is seen a lot at these model engineering shows.

Cabin Fever

By Phil Maynard
Reprinted from *The Mainsheet*
Newsletter of the Delaware River
Chapter TSCA

Tom Sheppard and I went to Cabin Fever Expo last November 15 at the fairgrounds in York, PA. It was my first visit to this model engineering show and it was amazing. So many different models, some smaller than 2" and probably half of them running. A pool featured working steam launches and a submerging submarine. A whole section was setup with running model trains. Another exhibit was a sizable sand box with a working dragline crane that must have been 6' tall that was loading dirt into remote controlled dump trucks. There were books for sale, an auction, tools for sale, wood turning, a consignment section, snack bar. It was an all day trip and well worth it, I will go again and heartily recommend it.



This is a full size single-cylinder steam launch engine available in kit form. It is a replica from one of manufactured in the 1880s. It is unique in that it has an inverted wishbone connecting rod. This not only lowers the center of gravity of the engine, but also makes adjustments on the stuffing box much easier.



These two photos show some examples of working steamboat models used in the pool at the expo.



This steam engine has a unique drive train in that the single cylinder engine drives twin counter-rotating shafts for a boat.



UNIQUE ARAN, CELTIC, AND GUERNSEY SWEATERS HAND KNIT FROM NATURAL, UNDYED WOOD SPUN IN MAINE.

THE YARN IN THESE SWEATERS IS SPUN AT BARTLETT YARDS ON A SPINNING MULE SYSTEM CREATED NEARLY 200 YEARS AGO. SINCE IT RETAINS ITS NATURAL LANOLIN, IT IS WATER RESISTANT.

BEAUTIFUL, RUGGED, AND STRIKING, THESE SWEATERS WILL KEEP YOU WARM AT WORK OR PLAY.

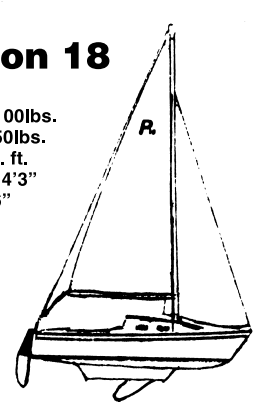
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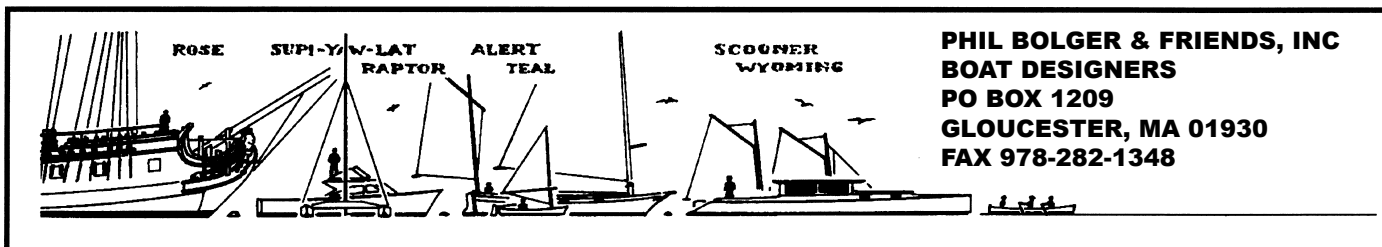
Precision 18

Displacement 1100lbs.
Ballast, Lead, 350lbs.
Sail Area 145 sq. ft.
Draft, Bd. Down 4'3"
Draft, Bd. Up 1'6"
LOA 17'5"
LWL 15'5"
Beam 7'5"

15' C.B.
16- B.K.
18' - 21' - 23'



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This is a variation on the ever inviting theme "Trailerable Four-Berth Sailing Cruiser with Outboard Power" and it is another addition to our body of work on the sharpie theme. Sharpies being in many ways a North American working craft type, Phil did produce the most sharpie designs by numbers and the broadest diversity of variations of anyone in design. On that foundation, together we pushed the envelope further towards hull attributes that should present a very sensible combination of desirable structural features:

Simple hard-chine hull construction out of domestic/regional sourced plywood.

Integrating comforting sinking resistance with closed cell foam panels reinforcement.

The option of steel plate ballast across mid-belly, slightly protruding to protect the chine when chine sailing/reaching across shallows with the boards up in 2' of water, and to invite routine grounding out in a secluded tidal berth, whether temporarily on anchor or on a mud mooring. An earlier version was featured in Ch 101 in Phil's *103 Sailing Rigs*.

Drawing on a range of familiar details from previous designs, on Wandervogel we combined many in hopes at arriving at a good mix of ergonomics for weekending and extended cruising.

A hull bottom external vee-nose addresses most objections to a straight sharpie design such as noise at anchor and slamming under power across waves or sailing in light airs through confused seas, with that nose being de facto sacrificial in an impressive collision with a submerged obstacle.

The Birdwatcher Top/Slot is a must-do for best ergonomics on such a light cruiser, where going on deck to tend to sails and ground tackle can be risky, particularly for those of advanced years. Phil developed the Slot-Top across several decades of work, with an early example being Design #344, Plywood Dovekie, of 1977 (*MAIB*, Vol 26, No 11, March 2009).

Like Birdwatcher (#496) there is a lot of polycarbonate (LEXAN®) used as a tough transparency surrounding the crew below to allow sailing while seated on main settees in the shade of the cabin top, center hatches open or closed, for reasonable comfort across a greater range of weather and seasons. The below decks tiller setup would be similar to that in Design #639, William D. Jochems.

Hoisting, sheeting, and reefing of the sail could be controlled either from the cockpit or standing on her bottom within the cabin with rope clutches and cleats overhead the inside helm. Routing in just the sheet might just do as well, so both cockpit and cabin are available for steering and sheet control, with the option of having the helmsman below with charts spread out on the settees, while a passenger or two hog the cockpit, messing about with lotions and fishing rods.

The large airy cabin volume offers plenty of elbowroom, with 6-butt get-togeth-

Phil Bolger & Friends on Design

Concept Study "Wandervogel"

23'9" Length on Deck

6'9" Breadth Overall

6'0" Breadth Bottom

8" Hull-Draft

3.0" Draft (or more) with Full Board

362sf Sail Area

ers doable for a sundowner drink, plus a kid and dog on the forward bunks if pressed. Standing headroom under a closed after hatch is 4'9", with sitting headroom ample for any type of headgear. It makes for a solid safety margin under sail with great capsize resistance on such shallow draft.

We proposed to have the settees amidships, plus two more bunks forward under the foredeck for a 2+2 sleeping arrangement, typically best for a family of four (kids forward), or two buddies plus dog and too much vital stuff forward. Under the mid-ship settees there is room for a battery or two, secure storage for medicinal spirits, and of course general provisions. We would have a two-part galley just ahead of the companionway, one side with sink, the other with propane burner, both with covers flipping forward over the settee to extend galley working surfaces. Food preparations would be done standing hatch open or kneeling on knee pads in inclement weather and the mainmast not folded down for boom tent support. With the galley closed, those surfaces make for fine chart table duty within reach of the cockpit and yet fairly out of the way of wind, spray and rain.

We see a two-person cockpit, the weight of four would not be advisable in that location on a light cruiser, with the benches just long enough to put legs up facing either direction, surrounded by a comfortable railing. While one could claim to leave the volume below for yet two more (tight) berths (6!) we'd rather dedicate it to storage of lines, fenders, mucky boots, etc, accessible by lifting the seating surfaces.

The normal footwell depth offers good seating for extended work at the helm, with the sole draining aft past the long-shaft 10hp outboard mounted on its centerline board. A portable 6gal fuel tank sitting transversely just ahead of the engine will offer reasonable range under power for a simplest fuel system plumbing.

Steering is by twin solid end plated outboard rudders mounted near the transom corners, and connected with a draglink operated by the tiller on centerline. While seemingly

very shallow under power the rudders should immerse deeper as she picks up speed. Under sail she'll heel to increasingly immerse the leeward rudder deeper. Should unexpectedly rudder feel and action be found wanting, drop down aluminum blades could be readily mounted to the inside faces of the rudders via bolts and big washers with the inside endplates cut off. At the very least, those rudders will be fine boarding ladders once a foot is placed on the endplate.

Lateral plane is provided by twin bilge boards in cases behind the settee backs. To match the backrest angle, the boards are oriented the wrong way but should suffice between area, optional additional drop depth, and the often under appreciated effectiveness of hard chines under sail. For many folks the absence of leeboards should make her more appealing, while the additional work in building two trunks and boards is very much outbalanced by the good ergonomics of sitting on the settees without a centerboard case in the way, particularly under, sail hiking out on a cushy mattress against a soft backrest, drink holder and junk food within reach.

The rig seems a bit much in area and ambition. As on many other designs the mainmast is supported by the usual combination of stout tabernacle cheeks well braced by bulkhead and hull bottom, with a good amount of bury of its 3' heel in the self-draining bow compartment. One could see a Danforth type anchor hung upside down off either tabernacle cheek with chain and line in a pile on the hull bottom inside her topsides.

But we did consider this over canvassing, a built-in light air sail area increase, without additional gear and gadgets. In most conditions, sailing would be with the first reef pulled down. But with just catspaws available on an oily smooth sea, putting the extra canvas as high as the foldable mast length allows seems worth a good try. The high-peaked gaff is a light skin hollow plywood foil, controlled by a peak vang from her mizzenmast, with jawed and parreled sail battens controlling a smooth sail shape for additional area per mast and gaff length.

Her unorthodox boom results from the need to vang the mainsail ahead of the mast in order to allow for the cabin volume and keep the centerline hatch behind the mast always accessible. Instead of a gooseneck, for instance, its fulcrum is a laminated ring fixed on the mast over a foot above the tabernacle pin, against which industrial hard rubber casters on stainless brackets, integrated into the boom jaws, rotate for full movement of the boom around the mast. These casters are kept under load by both upward pull of the vang forward and the set sail aft plus the topping lifts. In steeper seas and under much heel, the end of the boom can be topped up to the level of the first reef to reduce the risk of dragging it. We will no doubt learn how well this geometry really works using it across a range of conditions.

The plain main multi-part sheet blocks require no track, just a reroute of them past the after cabin hatch and into the cockpit, likely with camcleats on one side of the companionway, right next to the reefing lines, the latter color coded perhaps per reef.

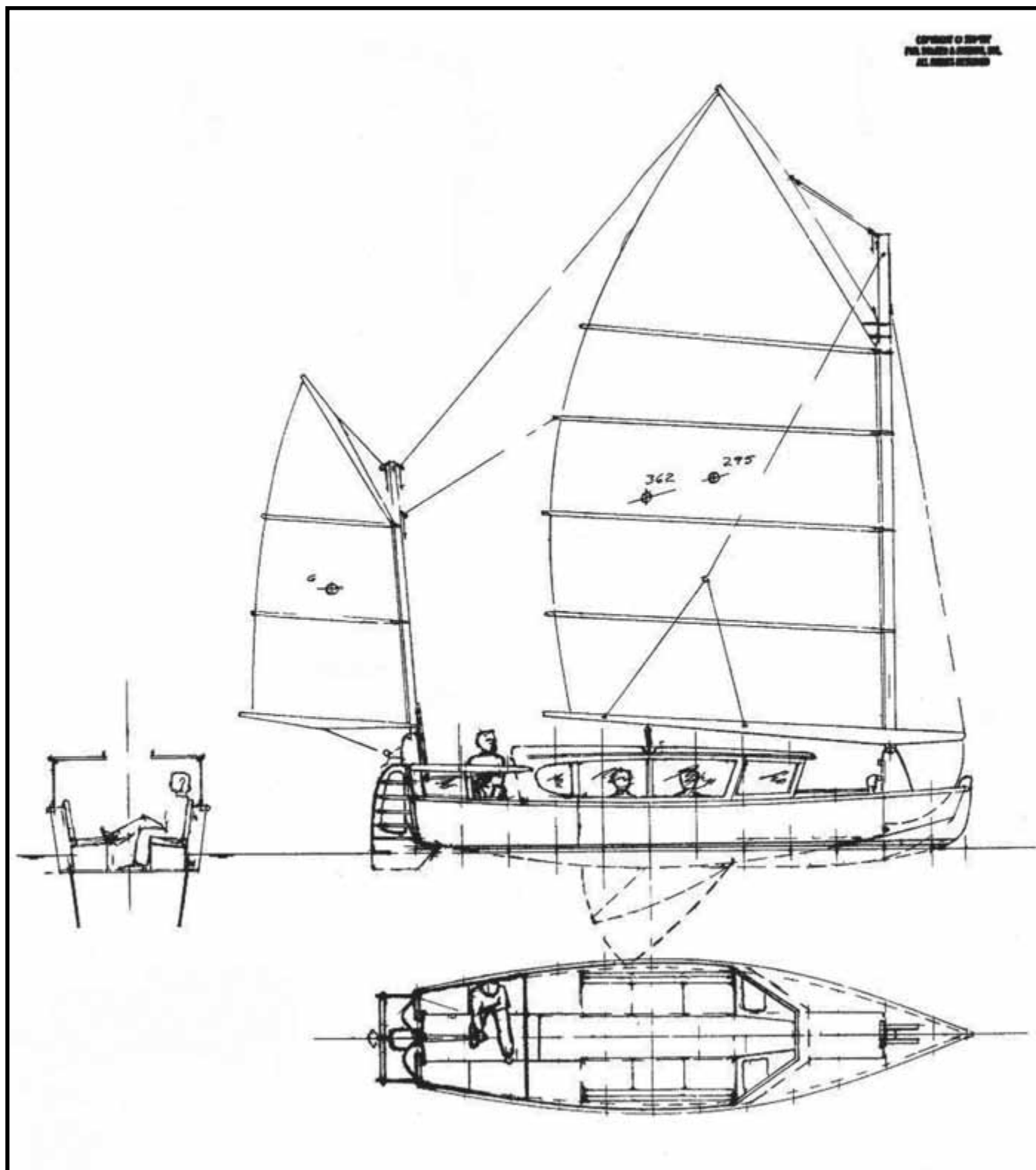
The mizzen setup maximizes area per mast and spar length as well, with the sail reefable. This mast is supported by angled plywood tabernacle legs well rooted in the transom and cockpit bench structures. Either mast is tabernacled and thus raisable by elbow grease on the mizzen, and on the chunkier mainmast, pref-

erably by a worm gear winch, or faster yet (!) via a cheap 12v electric winch bolted high and dry to the backside of the tabernacle bulkhead; the point is to always be able to stop dead the movement of that mast on demand, without risk of head-splitting dramatics.

Wandervogel's all-up displacement should allow around 3,500lbs between sturdy structure, permanent hard ballast, and enough margin for crew and cruising provisions. A final assessment before putting this as a full design on paper might produce a deeper belly amidships than shown. Either way the

smooth vee-nose bow action will not immediately penalize overloading her.

The German term "Wandervogel" conjures up the image of a carefree hiker eager to explore the world on a budget. This concept here might invite doing most cruising short of oceanic work. Shallow draft, sturdy construction, three-season comfort, combined with trailerability, opens up just about every desirable body of water. But at this point in time there are no plans available for this pencil concept drawn by Phil.



Storage on a boat is always an interesting proposition. We want to keep dry things dry and liquids in their containers without spilling. More than one cruising account reflects on the problem of labels coming off cans, liquids coming out of containers, and other assorted problems. In past articles, I have suggested pool chemical containers of various sizes to hold items. While some people use Ziploc plastic bags, I would like to suggest that you consider the nice, plastic container used to store pretzels (or other such items) to store your canned items (or other items you would like to keep dry). The one I have at hand has a 4" diameter top with a tight fitting screw-on lid, about 9" of inside vertical room, and will hold 6 18.8oz soup-size cans. As they are clear plastic, you can read the labels on the cans without opening the container. Some soft-foam chips scattered therein will keep the cans from moving once packed.

Another storage question for some is where to put the holding tank for the head. If the tank is equipped with a separate pump to empty it, there is also the question of where to put said pump. Some manufacturers put the pump inside the holding tank to save space. This seems like a good idea until something goes wrong with the pump. Unless the holding tank was installed in such a way that removal and cleaning is not a major problem, any repair work on the pump could be messy and time consuming just to get to the pump. With one of the portable heads, the holding tank detaches and can be dumped in the house toilet. Or, if you are at a marina, you can use their facilities. The size of the tank with such an arrangement is not as big as can be put on a boat, but the approach has a number of advantages including fewer things that can go wrong.

When my wife and I were seriously racing small boats (Fireball and Tornado) we had skin-diver boots to keep our feet warmer during the "winter" racing season. When we stepped into the water when beaching the boat

From the Lee Rail

By C. Henry Depew
(Tallahassee, Florida)

and the water felt "warm" we knew we had been out racing too long. These days, being on a Sisu 26 keeps our feet dry and fairly warm and we can dress for the wind and weather. One purchase I keep considering is some skin-diver's gloves to protect my hands when they get wet dealing with the anchor rode during the winter months. My sailing gloves do just fine to protect my hands, but they do little to keep my hands warm after they get wet. Of course, I could also use the heavy rubber work gloves that some mechanics wear. Since they are considered a "throwaway" item, these gloves are a lot less expensive than skin-diver gloves. However, the current search is for such gloves large enough to fit over the sailing gloves and keep my hands dry.

Reading about boats, boat gear, and boat problems provides one with a chance to learn some new words. I did not know about boats which "allided" with something until Hugh Ware used that word in his "Beyond the Horizon" column, with short explanation and I had to look it up to learn more. Likewise, the term "cathodic disbondment". This term describes what happens when the barrier paint starts to flake on an aluminum fitting and the metal starts to corrode. Like a pothole in the road, if nothing is done, the area gets bigger as more paint flakes off from the corroding material underneath. The term was used in context with corroding saildrives due to electrolysis.

Aluminum outdrives have always been a concern and with the outdrive under the boat and out of sight, the concern has increased. Unlike an acquaintance who put the outboard motor outdrive in a plastic garbage pail and

then filled it with fresh water (displacing the salt water) to protect the outboard's foot, a saildrive under the boat is "in the water" all the time and any defect in protecting the aluminum from the sea water increases the chances for problems. And, cleaning the device may remove some of the protective barrier paint, which will then lead to galvanic problems.

As noted above, corrosion in the marine environment is a constant concern. Interestingly enough, the very old iron hull ships seem to last longer than later steel hulled ships. In 1843, the iron ship *SS Great Britain* was scuttled at Port Stanley (Falkland Islands). In 1970, she was raised and towed back to England and was restored. The iron hull was in good shape. A different vessel (built in 1866) was restored with only 26 (of the 128) hull plates) needing replacement on the vessel. Of the 26 plates needing replacement, 19 were steel plates that had been installed for one reason or another and were corroding away. For more information on iron ships, see an article by Olaf T. Engvig, in the winter issue of *Sea History*, pp. 34-37. Of course, good rivets were needed and some very good riveters to construct such a hull.

A local bank used to provide a very nice calendar with pictures of our area and with the tide table for each month included. This bank was taken over by another banking group and the new group has a generic "sportsman" calendar. I was one of those spoiled by having this local calendar with the local tide tables for each month thereon. However, NOAA does provide an alternative but it takes a bit of work to download. If you want to know the predicted tides for your area, you can use the access point on the web site or you can go to the NOAA site at: <http://tidesandcurrents.noaa.gov/>

Use the "predictions" option in the left scroll-bar, pick the year 2011 and then pick the tide station (or substation) you want to see. The entire year is there for your use.

Drill Press

A tall upright machine useful for suddenly snatching flat metal bar stock out of your hands so that it smacks you in the chest and flings your beer across the room, denting the freshly painted project which you had carefully set in the corner where nothing could get to it.

Wire Wheel

Cleans paint off bolts and then throws them somewhere under the workbench with the speed of light. Also removes fingerprints and hard earned calluses from fingers in about the time it takes you to say, "Oh sh--!"

Skill Saw

A portable cutting tool used to make studs too short.

Pliers

Used to round off bolt heads. Sometimes used in the creation of blood blisters.

Vise Grips

Generally used after pliers to completely round off bolt heads. If nothing else is available, they can also be used to transfer intense welding heat to the palm of your hand.

Two-Ton Engine Hoist

A tool for testing the maximum tensile strength of everything you forgot to disconnect.

Belt Sander

An electric sanding tool commonly used to convert minor touch-up jobs into major refinishing jobs.

Tools Explained

Submitted by Dan Rogers

Utility Knife

Used to open and slice through the contents of cardboard cartons delivered to your front door; works particularly well on contents such as seats, vinyl records, liquids in plastic bottles, collector magazines, refund checks, and rubber or plastic parts. Especially useful for slicing work clothes, but only while in use.

Oxyacetylene Torch

Used almost entirely for lighting various flammable objects in your shop on fire. Also handy for igniting the grease inside the wheel hub out of which you want to remove a bearing race.

Table Saw

A large stationary power tool commonly used to launch wood projectiles for testing wall integrity.

Hydraulic Floor Jack

Used for lowering an automobile to the ground after you have installed your new brake shoes, trapping the jack handle firmly under the bumper.

Band Saw

A large stationary power saw primarily used by most shops to cut good aluminum sheet into smaller pieces that more easily fit into the trash can after you cut on the inside

of the line instead of the outside edge.

Hose Cutter

A tool used to make hoses too short.

Phillips Screwdriver

Normally used to stab the vacuum seals under lids or for opening old style paper and tin oil cans and splashing oil on your shirt, but can also be used, as the name implies, to strip out Phillips screw heads.

Straight Screwdriver

A tool for opening paint cans. Sometimes used to convert common slotted screws into non-removable screws and butchering your palms.

Pry Bar

A tool used to crumple the metal surrounding that \$20 clip or bracket you needed to remove in order to replace a 50 cent part.

Hammer

Originally employed as a weapon of war, the hammer nowadays is used as a kind of divining rod to locate the most expensive parts adjacent the object we are trying to hit.

Hacksaw

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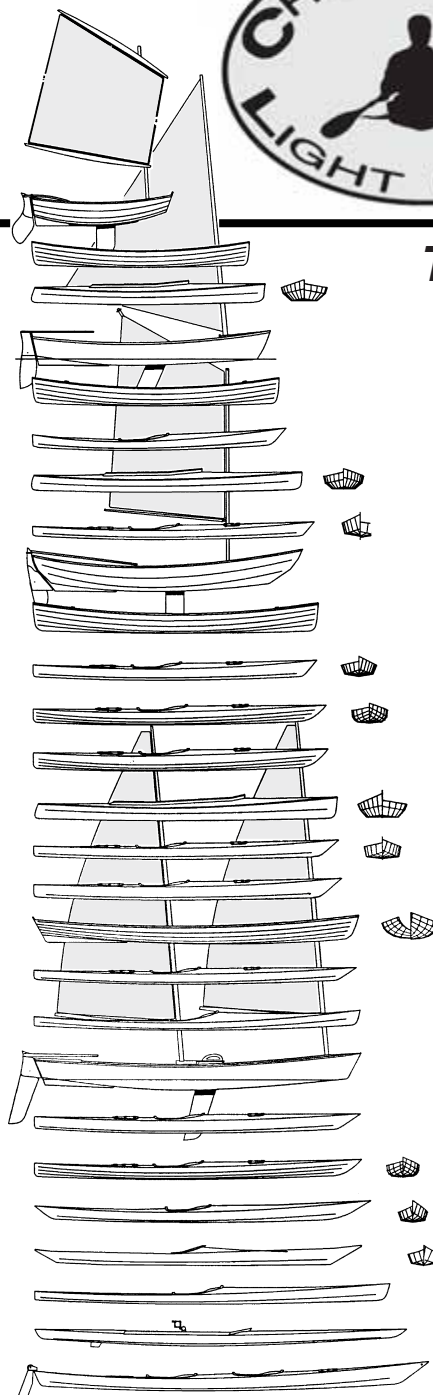
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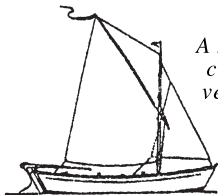
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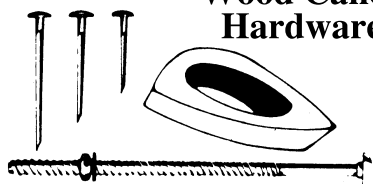
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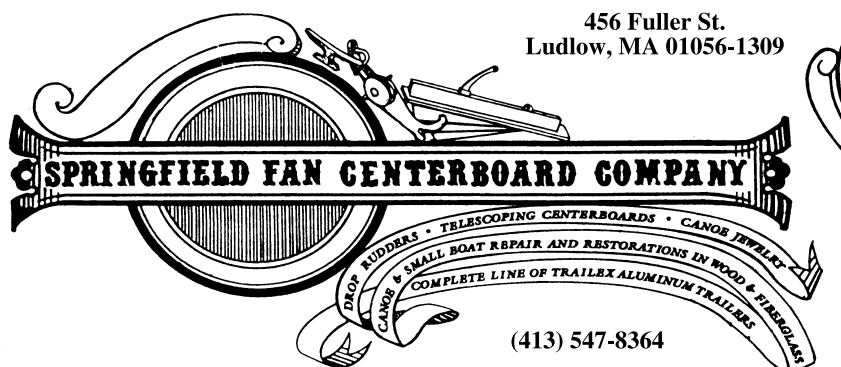
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Olympic Games and parties. Then we went back to Sugar Island where I performed my duties as Commodore and raced in the sailing races, winning the Cruising Class Race around the island, All Outdoor Trophy, in my Dad's old Willetts.

Then on Monday, August 9th, we started home and heard hurricane warnings on the radio. Paying little attention we stopped and toured the Adirondack Museum at Blue Mountain Lake and ate a picnic supper. At 8:30, as it got dark, we took off for home in the rain. Warnings were more specific then. Hurricane Belle was coming up the Hudson and western New England. The rain and the wind increased and was getting pretty wild as we got to Albany. I stopped several times to tighten the canoes down. We were worried about losing our old Willetts and, especially, our new birchbark, which had been so difficult to find! We also stopped at a couple of motels, which is unusual for us, but they couldn't squeeze us in. Finally we stopped at Lee, Massachusetts in the highway service area and slept in the car resuming our driving when the storm had subsided in the morning. A wild trip!

I patched the major split in the bottom and cheated with a little epoxy. Everything else was done in the Indian Fashion as I took out a couple of ribs and re-bent them, put in a couple of thin spruce splittings to support the injured area, bound in the new thwart with split water soaked roots and also bound a broken gunwale near the end. Then I refilled all the breaks and scratches with the "Indian Duct Tape" mixture of boiled pine pitch, rendered animal fat and charcoal.

I showed the canoe and paddles at a race in Concord, where about 398 people ignored it and 2 people admired and asked me ques-

tions about it. We paddled it on trips with the AMC with about the same results. No one took the opportunity to paddle a birchbark that I offered. I dressed as an Indian in an absolutely pre-Columbian costume of deer-skin, with decorations of a deer hair roach, porcupine quill, native beads and body paint with a native basket and Indian paddle for a VCR introducing Concord's Historical Sites. This was shown to visitors in the museum at the National Monument. Also Evelyn and I dressed in authentic costume as a squaw man and squaw of the Canadian fur trading era for a Halloween cruise on the Concord River.

My favorite activity on important occasions, such as the equinox, is to dress in the most primitive Indian attire, sneak out from a secret launching place and paddle silently up and down the river past other boats at the celebrations at Egg Rock (which is at the confluence of the Assabet and Sudbury Rivers to form the Concord River), the Revolutionary War North Bridge and other places where people were celebrating and then disappear. The "Spirit of Meskatequid" surveying what the white man had done to His River! That got a picture on the front page of the newspaper!

I was the head of the 100th Anniversary Committee of the ACA and organized and participated in many events. On July 29, 1980, we held the 100th Anniversary National Class-C Sailing Championship at a yacht club on Lake George. On the weekend we held a Canoe Parade and Celebration to the spot where the ACA was formed and there is a Commemorative Plaque on a rock facing the lake. There were about 30 canoes and Evelyn and I paddled our Osprey with a large ACA Burgee and Eric Wells paddled the birchbark

Also, in celebration of the 100th Anniversary, I set up an ACA celebration with the Antique Boat Museum in Clayton, NY, and asked the Wooden Canoe Heritage Association to join us. On Saturday, August 9, 1980, we set up our ACA exhibit. The WCHA registration was right next to ours and our boats were all on the lawn together. I had the birchbark laid out and Eric Wells, in full Seneca costume of the period just before the Revolutionary War, standing by to answer questions. We had some races and other demonstrations, including the traditional race between a sailing canoe and a Saint Lawrence skiff (which was first held about when the ACA started in 1880). The next issue of *Wooden Canoe* reported on the event with no mention of the ACA at all!

The last trip I took with the canoe was with a group of about 30 people with a conservation organization celebrating the 100h Anniversary of the Lewis and Clark journey of exploration. Of course, I had to bring an example of one of the kinds of boats they used. We stopped along the way upriver for parts of the Lewis and Clark story. At lunch-time I talked very shortly about birchbark canoes and they all refused my offer to let them paddle it. The boats on the trip were mostly plastic canoes carrying two people, and a few plastic kayaks. Going back downriver they were in a hurry to get home for dinner, or something, and vigorously applied their meager skills to the paddles. I had to get up on one knee and paddle at what was to me at that time, racing speed for over three miles. It is a very slow canoe with so much rocker that, paddled single-handed, it spins with each stroke and I use a "C" stroke. I was tired!

In 2008, I gave *Gasno Gao* to the Antique Boat Museum in Clayton NY. You may paddle it up there.



Clockwise from above: First paddle at Sugar Island in 1976. Trapper and squaw on Halloween canoe trip by Concord's Old North Bridge. Eric Wells with *Gasno Gao* at the Antique Boat Museum 100th Anniversary in Clayton, NY. Eric paddling *Gasno Gao* as Seneca Indian.



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Mar 24-27 Palm Beach Boat Show FL
Apr 2-3 Lake Lanier Islands Boat Show, GA
Apr 15-17 Jacksonville Boat Show, Jax, FL
Apr 30-May1 Dinghy Shop Demo Day, Amityville, NY
Apr 28-May1 Bay Bridge Boat Show, MD
May 28-30 Woodstock Crafts Show, New Paltz, NY
June 4-5 Fairport Canal Days, Fairport, NY
June 24-26 Wooden Boat Show, Mystic, CT

Hello.....my name is Rich Clark and my son is Stephen. He is the soldier who contacted you from Afghanistan and ordered my amazing 50th birthday gift. He knows of my lifetime love of these boats and somehow managed to surprise me with one on this milestone birthday. We couldn't wait to try it out but, as you can see from the attached photo, the lake wouldn't cooperate. Thanks to all of you who helped him make my day very special, Sincerely, Rich Clark

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